# Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 26, 1955 / 20¢

ECORDINGS

DULD CONGRESS
ESTIGATE?
Ernest Angell

EFFICIENT
RDERER
Robert Lewis Shayon

Renata Tebaldi, the new Met soprano, as Desdemona in "Otello." (See RECORDINGS)

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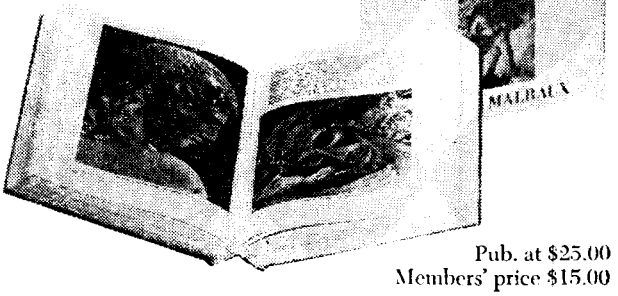


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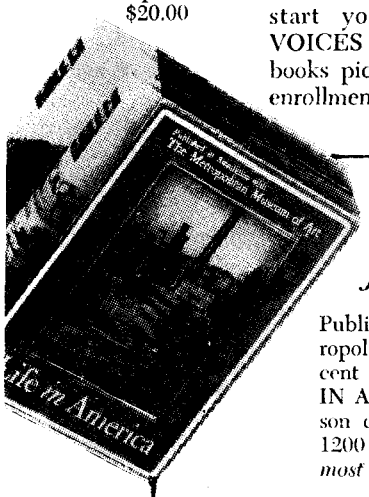


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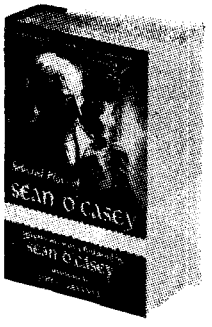


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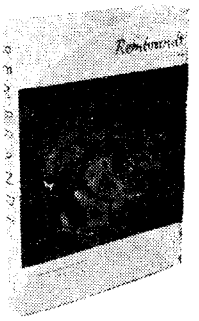


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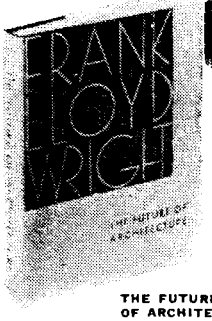


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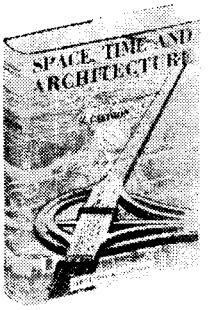


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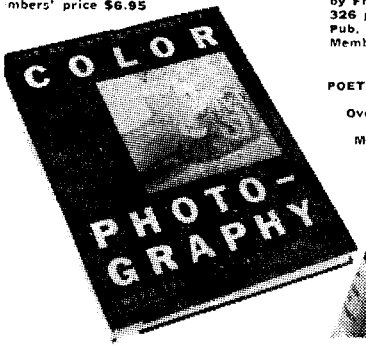


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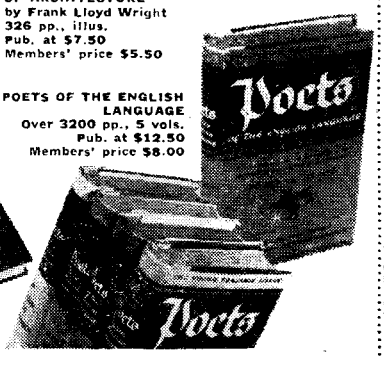


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# *The Saturday Review*

FEBRUARY 26, 1955

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circu tions. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 9, Feb. 26, 19 Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at t Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Index in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entl issue copyright 1955 by Saturday Review Associates, I

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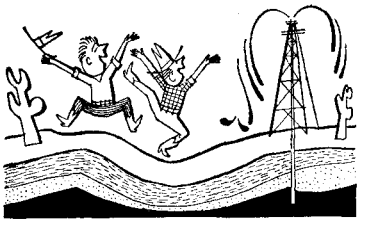
# TRADE Winds

## RESTFUL HOUSTON

**ERE BUT IN TEXAS** could you expect be yanked out of a shower at the ck of dawn by an Episcopalian hop?

'You're fifteen minutes ahead of ıe," I protested. "Who ever heard a bishop acting this way?"

'You're in Texas, son," boomed the hop. "Out you come." He there-



on handed me a card reading ishop Clinton Quin. Texas. Drive refully! The next man you hit may an Episcopalian."

The jolly and energetic bishop oved to be but a mild zephyr com-red to oil-man Mike Halbouty, who lowed in his wake. Mike is consid-ed one of the leading geologists in tdome oil exploration in the coun-, and has made millions by daring illing operations on his own, yet he still the same dynamic, hell-and-gh-water enthusiast who graduated me twenty years ago from Texas & M. and went to work for a wild-tter named Youst at $80 a month.

The drillers hit salt, which was a gnal to halt operations for every-dy but Mike. "I'll stake my reputa-on and my job on the fact that there's l under that salt," he cried. "What putation, you young whippersnap-r?" countered Youst. "What job? o you realize it will cost thousands drill through that salt, and I'll make yself a laughing stock into the bar-ain?" Nevertheless, he gave in to ike, probably to still the deafening oroar. The oil produced as a result as worth millions—and launched albouty on his own spectacular ıreer.

For further details on these exciting l operations I refer you to "Spindle-p," on which Mike collaborated with m Clarke when he had minutes to pare.

**HERE WERE NO SUCH LULLS** in my day ı Houston. Pausing only to inform ıe that in twenty years Houston ould be one of the four great cities ı the world (the other three being the relatively non-competing communities of Sao Paulo, Brazil; Sydney, Australia; and Johannesburg, South Africa), Mike rushed me relentlessly from an autographing party at Foley's, to the private office of Jesse Jones, to a confab with Wright Morrow, to a luncheon party at the Petroleum Club, to visits with booksellers Hash, Brown, Cobler, and Petty, to the new Prudential Building, to the Medical Center, and to a pair of TV appearances. At the latter I was bolstered by the presence of Bishop Quin and my old friend Carl Victor Little, the eminent Baptist, as able a journalist as there is in the country today, and sometimes known as Edna Ferber's pin-up boy.

By this time I was reeling. "Mike," I pleaded, "if I'm to get through your cocktail party, talk to 2,000 people in the Music Hall tonight, and then wind up at the shindig you've planned at the Troubadour, I'll just have to have a little time out for rest."

It was obvious immediately that I had lost face with Halbouty. "Okay," he conceded reluctantly. "You can have ten minutes in your room at the Shamrock. Go up there, boy, and rest to your heart's content." I just had gotten inside the door when he phoned to demand, "Where the hell are you?"

**THE COCKTAIL PARTY** was restricted to Mike's more intimate friends—a mere 500 or so. His radiant wife, Fay, handled them with ease, assisted by the gal from next door—Mrs. Howard Lee. You may remember her as Hedy

Lamarr. Houston has agreed with her. She's more beautiful than ever. Fay signaled the end of the party by turning out the lights, and everybody came to hear me talk except the girl who had locked herself into the bathroom and couldn't get out.

**ON THE PLANE THE** next morning, bound for Louisiana, I read George Fuermann's excellent "Houston: Land of the Rich" to reassure myself that what I had seen with my own eyes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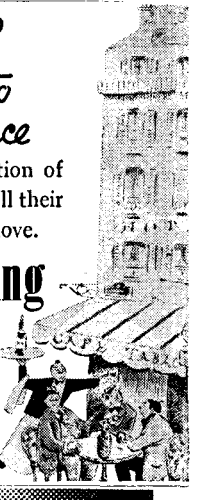

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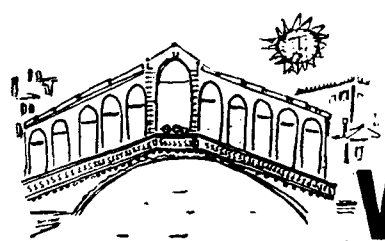

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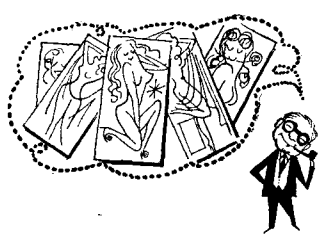
actually existed. It does. I also delv into Ed Killman's life story of t lionaire Hugh Roy Cullen. It has s over 80,000 copies and I'll g you one guess who's bought most them.

Fuermann insists that, despite t well-publicized wealth and benef tions of Mr. Cullen, a clerk in a Hou ton drugstore recently got a pint-siz ice-cream carton, put a slot in t top, and, as a joke, marked it plain on the side "H. R. Cullen Retirem Fund." When the store closed th night he found contributions in t carton totaling twenty-one dollars a seventeen cents.

I just about had the time of my l in Houston, and in three or four yea when I've recovered my health, I ce tainly hope they'll ask me back aga

**THE MAN WHO SAT** beside me on t plane to New Orleans, I noticed, w writing a long letter, which he wav in the air every few moments so t ink might dry. This led me to wond what has happened to all those accor modating souls who used to mail y neat, large-sized blotters at regul intervals. Bankers, plumbers, and g rage owners vied for the distinctio of picturing the nekkidest beauties the reverse side of these blotters feeding their parrots, winding the cuckoo clocks, or attending to simil



chores that delectable damsels usuall perform in the altogether.

Alas, I haven't received a blott like that in ages. The King Cotto Hotel, in Greensboro, N. C., sends m little ones every year, with a calenda on the front, but they're only bi enough for use in personal chec books and the like. When I appeale to my own banker, George Textor, fo succor he fobbed me off with a neck tie boasting the insignia of the Marin Midland—a superb catch-all for par ticles of soft-boiled egg and mayon naise, but no help at all to an ink user or a lover of art.

Are some TRADE WINDS reader going to help me out, or must I go o suffering?

**IN BATON ROUGE, WHERE** I addresse the student body of the University o Louisiana, I visited two attractiv bookshops: Shortess's and Claitor's the latter boasting probably the big gest inventory of law books in th

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untry. Its catalogues reach legal ghts in every corner of the globe. . . . was interested in seeing the spot here Huey Long was shot down. I ways had thought he met his death the entrance to the state capitol, op the impressive forty-eight step proach. (Each step is engraved with e name of a state, in order of its try into the Union.) Not at all. uey's assassin cornered him just outde his private offices, and there's ways somebody around to show you score of bullet holes in the marble. ctually all are merely defects in the one. Long was shot at extremely ose range and all the bullets lodged his body.

**Y ROOM AT THE** Hotel Heidelberg erlooked the broad Mississippi, and hat fun it was to watch the two old rries cross and recross the river! he camellias were in full bloom, too. et such are the wonders of modern ansportation that just seven hours ter wandering through a Louisiana arden in the hot sunshine I was ated in a steam-heated theatre in anhattan (with the temperature tside just above zero) watching a erformance of Agatha Christie's Witness for the Prosecution."

**IL AND GAS MEN** in the South are sing a new type of aluminum pipe ith a simplified coupler that has reuced costs and speeded up operations mazingly. Demonstrating the pipe at ey meetings is Keen Johnson, former overnor of the State of Kentucky.

At one meeting Johnson recalled to im Clark a day when he was still overnor. A mountaineer had been onvicted of a feud killing—on circumstantial evidence—and sentenced o die. Petitions and pleas from interested parties had failed to impress the overnor, but a note, scrawled in pencil on a piece of old scratch paper, rom the prisoner himself won him a ommutation to life imprisonment.

"Dear Guvnor," it read. "I is skedled to be execooted on friday and eer it is wensday. Yores trooly, oe D." —BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1091)

GEO. WASHINGTON:

*FIRST MESSAGE (TO CONGRESS)*

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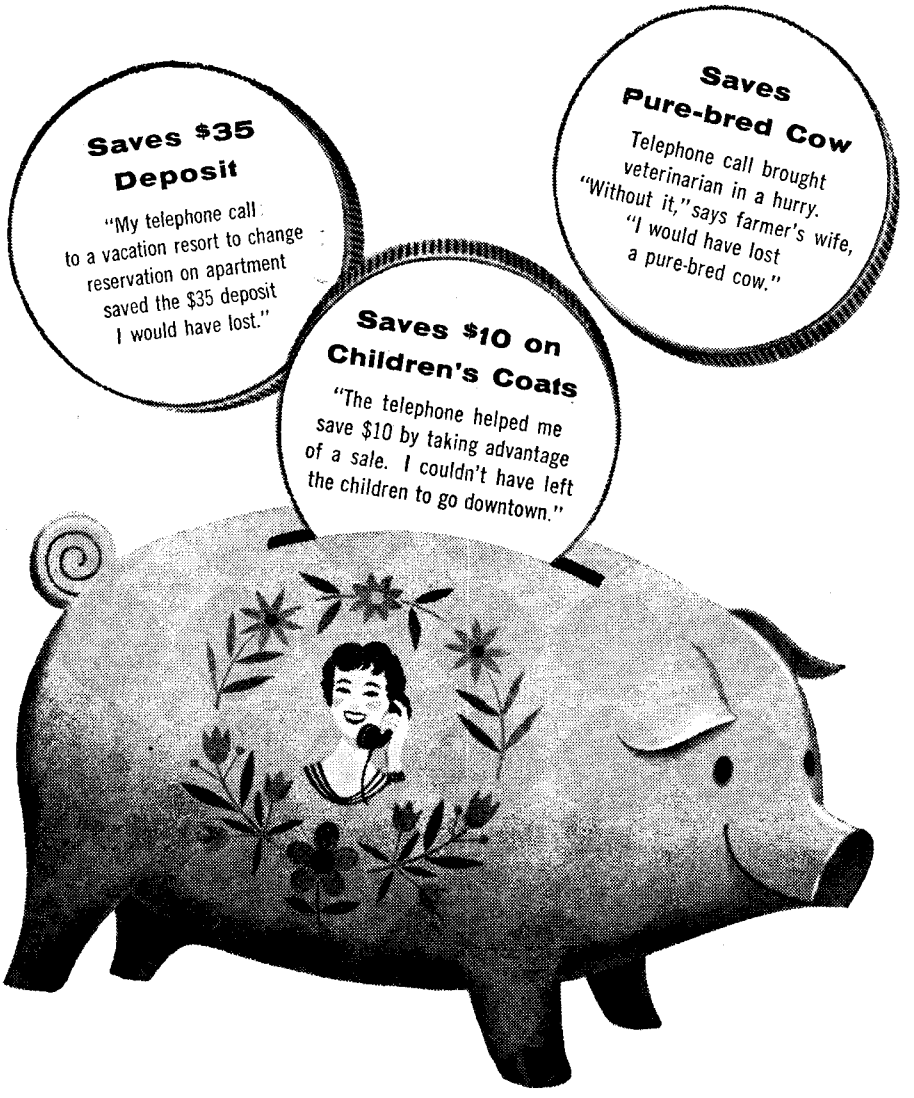
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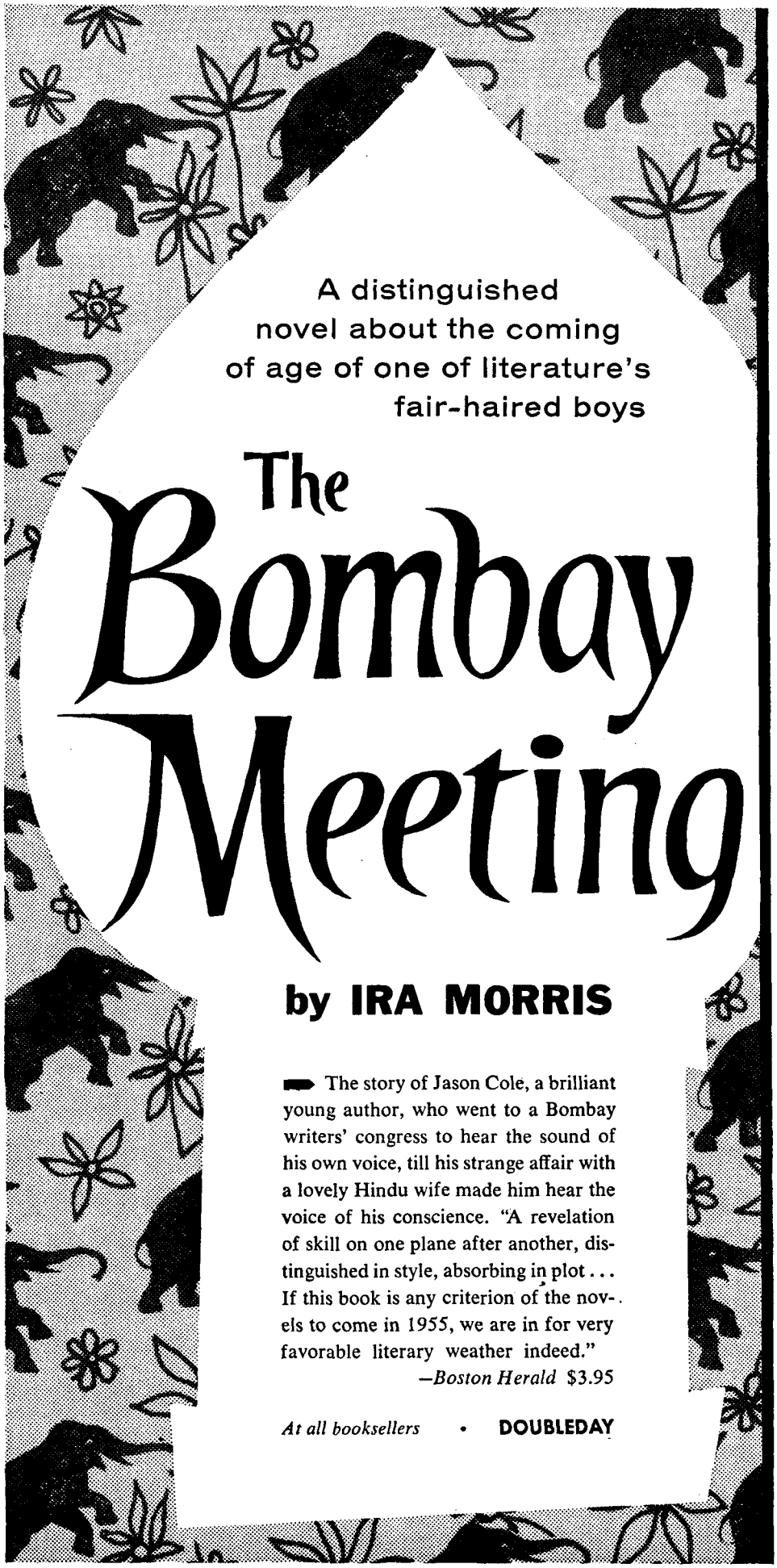
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*The Saturday Review*

FEBRUARY 26, 1955

# SHOULD CONGRESS INVESTIGATE?

## 2. *A New Procedure for the Congressional Committee*

Last week in *The Saturday Review* Judge Robert Morris presented the case for the Congressional Investigator: the Congress possesses certain powers which make the Congressional Committee the only proper medium for certain types of inquiry. He also stressed the fact that internal security is not a mythical problem, and that Congress must share in the total responsibility for dealing with it. Ernest Angell, replying to Judge Morris, accepts the fact that the Committees must establish orderly methods of procedure, and abide by the principles of the common law. However, he places critical importance on the methods and techniques used to accomplish that end. Mr. Angell, a New York lawyer for many years, is chairman of the board of the American Civil Liberties Union, and was formerly chairman of the Federal Loyalty Review Board for New York and New Jersey.

ERNEST ANGELL

THE Administration announced in January that it was initiating measures to improve the contro-sial security-loyalty program ap-cable to Government employes, that w steps would be designed in part make the security check more fair, d that the White House would perate with the private study of existing Government program un-rtaken by the Association of the r of the City of New York under a 0,000 grant from the Fund for the public. At the same time the Senate mmittee on Rules and Administra-n issued a report recommending changes in procedure for Senate investigating committees. These incidents are heartening evidence that the executive and legislative branches of the Federal Government are responding to the widespread criticism of the standards used by the departments and agencies in 1953-1954 in determining the security interests of the Government, and of the impact of the procedures followed by some Congressional committees upon individuals and organizations under investigation.

The necessary requirement that Government employment shall be as far as possible closed to espionage and other forms of disloyalty, and the requirement that the legitimate rights of citizens shall be maintained, whether or not they are employes of the Government, are counterparts of the delicate balance of a free and effective society. That balance has not been maintained in recent years, in either respect. It is healthy that both aspects of the problem are to be reexamined as the prelude to restoring the balance.

The investigating power of Congress has expanded from its original and more limited function as a direct implement of legislation into the area of general public information. This expansion is a symptom of the invasion by Congress of the executive branch. The universality of radio and television sets offers a new temptation, not lightly resisted and too often eagerly welcomed, to put on a public show in which Congressional virtue rides to battle against the forces of evil—organized crime, "subversion," and now most recently the concentrated wealth of the large foundations. The quarry of these public hunts is, rightly or wrongly, already despised, hated, feared, or suspected before the opening gun is fired. In the ensuing field-day the emphasis is on the headline and news-space result, with little or no thought to the rules of how the damning evidence is obtained and broadcast. A "mobster," an admitted or accused Communist, a bewildered college professor who

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misguidedly pleads the Fifth Amendment, a foundation executive who is not permitted to explain the money grants for research in the suspicious mysteries of the social sciences—all of these may protest in vain against in-fighting and below-the-belt blows by the inquirer on the Congressional dais.

Most Congressional committees do their work quietly, decently, and effectively—under the penalty of no publicity. Most witnesses before such committees appear on their own request to justify demands for appropriations, to account for expenditures in Government departments, or to testify on Presidential appointments. Hearings of this kind rarely produce charges against anyone and there is no substantial ground for complaint about their conduct. Where, however, a witness is under investigation of his own acts and views, or those of some organization with which he has been connected, a very different set of forces is put in motion, particularly in recent years. In and out of Congress voices of eminent respectability, single and collective, have spoken out demanding fair play and a set of formal rules of committee investigative procedure. If witnesses under investigation had been fairly treated by the headliners, such as the House Un-American Activities Committee and the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations under the chairmanship of Senator McCarthy, there would have been less need for formal rules of restraint.

Within very recent political memory we have heard Senators Mundt, Bush, Kefauver, and Lehman speak out for ground rules for the conduct of hearings. Senator Knowland, the Republican majority leader, said in 1954: "We are concerned with maintaining the valid dignity of the Senate, the preservation of proper investigative powers of Congress and the rights of individuals." Representative Keating has introduced his own bill in the House of Representatives. These are but a few of those who have perceived the prevalence of abuses and have demanded a basic change.

THE problem is, of course, much broader than how an investigation shall be conducted. It includes question of the power of a particular committee in terms of the mandate of its creation by Senate or House—whether, for example, the Committee on Government Operations may inquire into the political opinions of the authors of books privately published but purchased by the Government for its libraries. The issue in this respect is in part that of the intent and the language of the creating resolution. There is the more fundamental problem of the Constitutional limits of Congress as the legislative arm of a Government of limited powers. As Congress may not legislate in matters of religion or curb the freedom of the press, it may not charge its committees with the duty to delve into these areas. From time to time, as cases arise by challenge to the impact of committee inquiry upon the rights of citizens, the courts will in the final analysis mark out the limits of lawful investigative scope. But the judicial process works slowly. The postwar drama of Congressional circuses points more insistently to the immediate need for restraint in the conduct of these investigations than to almost any other phase of the overall balance between Government power and individual rights. To establish due process in the conduct of hearings will at the same time promote the development of better standards of substance for final judgment upon results of the hearings.

Some years ago former Represen tive Thomas, then chairman of House Committee on Un-Ameri Activities, said to a lawyer v had appeared as counsel to repres the witness and then was ordered take the stand as a witness hims "The rights you have are the rig given you by this committee. We v determine what rights you have a what rights you have not got bef the committee." A recent report b special committee of the Ameri Bar Association notes that, while so committees now have printed rules guidance, most committees have n and "each committee tends to play ear rather than from a carefully p pared score." This is plainly intol able in orderly society; it would standard practice in a Commur country.

What then are the proven abuses such hearings, "proven" in the sense being sufficiently characteristic to b come notorious, when the hearing directed against individuals? We c examine a few, the more importa The ideal of complete protection of i dividual rights required by due pro ess in a court-room trial must somewhat blurred by the enorm burdens which legislative duties i pose upon every Senator and eve Representative. Unlike the judge i court trial, the members of an i vestigating committee just cannot indefinitely and continuously up any particular inquiry.

Investigative hearings conducted a single member of a committee ha been characterized by browbeating the witness in a sufficient numb of instances to justify fully t demand that this practice be ende For a committee to delegate to single member the power to deci alone what witnesses shall be calle what publicity statements shall given out, what the line of actu questioning shall be and how the wi ness shall be treated, has depriv the news release and often the hea ing itself of the very substance of in partiality. This result obliterates t goal of the enlightenment of Congres and perverts the rights of the ind vidual witness. Senator McClellan the Democratic successor-chairman Senator McCarthy has announced th this Committee will hold no mo one-man hearings. The experience too many brow-beaten witnesses di tates that all the principal decisions a committee should be made by majority of its members, including th hiring and firing of the committe staff, and that at least one committe member from each political party-

(*Continued on page* 29)

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## PREDICAMENTS BY THE PECK

Ned Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, offers twelve titles which are suggestive of uncomfortable, unpleasant, or positively devastating situations. She asks you to name the authors. Fewer than eight correct answers must be regarded as condemnable, from eight through ten as commendable, and eleven or twelve as hot stuff. Answers on page 14.

1. "Buried Alive."
2. "The Empty Purse."
3. "Icebound."
4. "Eyeless in Gaza."
5. "Wounds in the Rain."
6. "The Insulted and Injured."
7. "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."
8. "Under Fire."
9. "The Awkward Age."
10. "Broken Necks."
11. "Chills and Fever."
12. "Kidnapped."

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# Lifeblood for Legend

***Homer's Daughter," by Robert Graves** (Doubleday. 283 pp. $3.95). A fictional account, by one of the best living historical novelists, of how the "Odyssey" came to be written.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

AMONG the numerous theories about the poet Homer—or, at any rate, about that one of the many poet Homers who created for us "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey"—one of the most intriguing is that the blind bard, whose birthplace has been claimed by seven cities, was in fact not a white-haired wandering minstrel, but a woman.

It is not proven, of course, and by no means generally, or even widely, accepted; but it has much to commend it. It perhaps gains its strongest support from the fact that the great poem about the wise and wily king of rocky Ithaca who took twenty years filled with philandering to come home to dinner, is far different in character from its companion epic which deals with the consequences of a mere mortal, Paris, daring to judge in a beauty contest between three women, and they goddesses. Man or woman, the two poems by Homer must certainly have had different authors. The "Iliad," to get down to points, may well, as Andrew Lang seems to say, have been written with an art far superior to the art of those Northern poets who set down the "Chanson de Roland" or the various Icelandic folk poems; but it is still a saga. The "Odyssey" is a subtle and carefully organized tale.

But if the "Odyssey" was written by a woman she must have lived and had her being, and here we have the basis for a story. Who was she? What led her to write the epic? How could a woman have the capabilities to put into majestic words its wisdom and its melody six centuries before Aspasia, when women as a class, if not secluded in the oriental manner, were still almost chattels. For instance, the dowry was a new-fangled innovation and most of them were still bought from their fathers by their prospective husbands with "bride-gifts" of cattle, or gold, or that new white metal, shining iron.

Robert Graves, the English poet whose accomplishments as a historical novelist are surpassed by few living writers, now hazards a guess at the answers and spins out what he surmises into a full-length story. As a *tour-de-force* "Homer's Daughter" can only be compared to Somerset Maugham's fascinating "Then and Now" of 1946. In that sprightly *novella*, Mr. Maugham skilfully imagined a series of events in which Macchiavelli played an important part and then showed how Niccolo converted them into his famous bawdy play, "Mandragola." It was a fictional explanation of a piece of fiction.

In this story Mr. Graves also imagines a series of events, but here the protagonist is one Nausicaa, princess of the Elymans, a race partly aboriginal Sicanian, partly Greek, which inhabited western Sicily in the environs of Drepanum, which is now Trapani. He then lets us see this king's daughter, who at the age of fifteen "grew melancholy and reproached the Gods for not making me immortal, and envied Homer," take these events and use them as the catalyst which dissolves an earlier poem, "The Return of Ulysses," into the ingredients out of which the new and famous poem is shaped. It, too, is fiction explaining fiction. As such, it is very convincing.

BUT "Homer's Daughter" is far more than a *tour-de-force*. It is a fine story in its own right. Primarily it is directed at an instructed audience, and the more you know about Homer the better you will appreciate it. It is also a sharp psychological study of the Author with a capital A. It shows how he looks at the scene around him (whether he is James Branch Cabell or a half-barbaric princess) and without conscience helps himself to what he needs. It thus has an especial attraction for those who want to know about the genus *homo scribens*. But that does not circumscribe its area of appeal. "Homer's Daughter" has enough suspense for half a dozen mystery stories and enough action for the most action-packed of cloak and dagger. It will be enjoyed by the many, even if its ultimate savor is for the few.

—Lettice Ramsey.

Robert Graves—"the conviction of history."

It is not here the place to tell its story other than to say that it begins (in Chapter Two—Chapter One is a compact history of the Greeks and Elymans) with a biting quarrel (scirocco-inspired) between husband and wife which leads to the mysterious disappearance of Nausicaa's brother, Laodamon, a disappearance which haunts the whole book. It ends with the slaughter of Nausicaa's suitors, from which (supposedly) the description of the slaughter of Penelope's suitors is derived. In between appear, one by one, the characters which later become the Homeric characters—Mentor (in this book, Nausicaa's uncle); the swineherd Eumaeus, who had been a king's son; Eurymachus; Eurycleia; even the dog Argus. They are the same, but not the same. They are the prototypes (just as we know that such-and-such a character in Scott Fitzgerald was based on such-and-such a person at Princeton) and not the characters themselves.

As I have said, Mr. Graves is one of our ablest historical novelists. He is also one of our most versatile. In "I, Claudius" and in "Claudius, the God" he showed that Suetonius could be made the raw material for modern fiction. In "Count Belisarius" he did the same for Procopius. But he has also written of John Milton's wife and of Sergeant Lamb, a soldier in the American Revolution. Now, as ten years ago in "Hercules, My Shipmate," he turns to legend. But he gives legend the lifeblood and conviction of history. This is perhaps his best book of all.

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# Soul for Sale

***"Sincerely, Willis Wayde," by John P. Marquand** (Little, Brown. 511 pp. $3.95), is the story of a well-meaning American's climb up the ladder of industry and the satisfactions and dissatisfactions it brought him.*

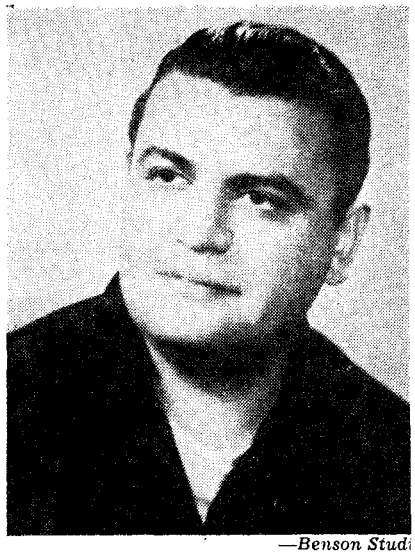
By William Barrett

MARQUAND fans (of whom the present reviewer is one) will open his latest novel, "Sincerely, Willis Wayde," feeling glad to be back at the New England scene of one of the author's earlier triumphs, the not so fictional little town of Clyde, Massachusetts; but halfway, or less, through the book this gladness begins to be shadowed ominously by the gathering gloom of unfulfilled expectations. One goes from page to page, expecting that the next one will build up into something exciting and that Willis Wayde will be metamorphosed into a real human being instead of a hollow shell. But as the expectation is continually disappointed one begins at last to suspect that nothing is going to happen after all and the novel will just go on spinning along in its own flat smooth pace right to the end. Marquand is pretty much just going through the old motions.

He goes through these motions pretty smoothly, of course. All of the old mastery of the machinery of narrative is here: the skilfully blended flashbacks move the story ahead at an easy but efficient pace. The life of Willis Wayde parallels that of Charles Gray, hero of "Point of No Return." Like Charles, Willis belongs, more or less, to the "middle-middle" of the middle class, does not go Harvard, falls in love with the daughter of the local aristocratic clan, Bess Harcourt, and departs for New York at last when the girl rejects him. But Willis is immensely more successful than Charles and eventually, when he becomes tycoon of the belting industry, he is able to have his revenge on Clyde and the Harcourts by closing up the old Harcourt Mill, which had been the town's leading industry. Has Willis really been compelled to close the mill for business reasons, as he maintains, or simply to show his power over the Harcourts? In short, is Willis really sincere? This seems to be the eventual and devastating question which Marquand wants to leave with us.

Unfortunately, this time Mr. Marquand's machinery is just machinery, and the sheer efficiency of the writing seems as cool and impersonal as an IBM machine. True, he has always been a little on the "cool" side. The deep places of passion and the high peaks of imagination know him not as a novelist. But up to now the coolness never froze over into ice because Marquand had, and was able to communicate, a real feeling for the pathos of the American male trapped in all the entanglements of middle-class life. His Pulhams and Charlie Grays are very real people, decent, likable, subtly divided and frustrated members of the great American middle class; and in creating them Marquand made a statement, without slop or pretension but with real pathos, about one part of American life such as you will find in no other novelist in our literature. But the pathos has all gone out of Willis; where the great American business of getting ahead and being successful exacted all sorts of human conflicts within Charlie Gray, Willis has long ago sold his soul to the apparatus. American businessmen, even the very successful ones like Willis, must have more on the ball as human beings than this.

The other thing that once saved Marquand's coolness was his great satiric gift. The cold eye did really have a rather wicked gleam, and seeing it in that familiar tweedy and pipe-smoking photograph on the bookjackets one felt at least that this novelist — however restricted, prim, and middle-class in his range as a writer —could never become a stuffed shirt or be taken in by one. The satire, in fact, seemed eminently the expression of a certain basic and temperamental disgruntlement, as witness that thoroughly disgruntled figure of the writer, Jim, the narrator in what is perhaps Marquand's satiric masterpiece, "Wickford Point." Perhaps every writer has to preserve some minimum sense of rebellion at the cosmos; but in any case the satirist of social manners can ill afford to lose his priceless discontent. The Marquand of today takes Willis seriously in his own terms, where the satirist of "Wickford Point" would have needled him to death—or, rather, into fictional life. True, by the end of the book, when Willis has emerged as a full-blown monster, a smug and empty fraud, Marquand tries to pick up the old satirical blade again, but its cutting edge is pretty dulled, largely because the author is unclear about his own intentions. Marquand has not made up his mind what he really thinks of Willis; and this accusation of unclear and confused purposes is just about the last, and worst, thing one could ever have believed it possible to say about a writer who always knew exactly what he was about.



—Benson Studi

Mario Puzo—"impressive, illuminating.

# Pit of Decay

***"The Dark Arena," by Mario Pu:** (Random House. 308 pp. $3.50), is novel about the American occupatic forces in Germany after World War I*

By Maxwell Geismar

THE NATIONAL Book Awar have served to remind us, at lea that very few good novels were pul lished in 1954. We are beginning look back upon the work of Jam Jones, Norman Mailer, William St ron, and John H. Griffin with som thing like nostalgia. I am not su that Mario Puzo's "Dark Arena" qui comes up to the level of this earli group of new writers. But it is a ve good novel indeed, and one reads with the sense of discovery and plea ure that a new talent evokes. M Puzo has brought some excitement the opening months of the new yea

The story deals with the Americ Occupation forces in Germany aft the last war. The background of t novel is an underworld of povert suffering, hatred, moral corruptio Both sides are still the "enemy" each other, the wounds have bare been healed, the struggle goes c subterraneously, and the conquerir Americans have been poisoned, n only by their victory, but by the b liefs of their "victims." "Five hur dred krauts think I'm God," sa the Eddie Cassin of the novel, "an a hundred and fifty of them a women. How's that for living?"

In the security division of the Civi ian Personnel Office, Wolf, anoth one of these typical Occupation off cials, uses his new power for financi rather than sexual purposes, an

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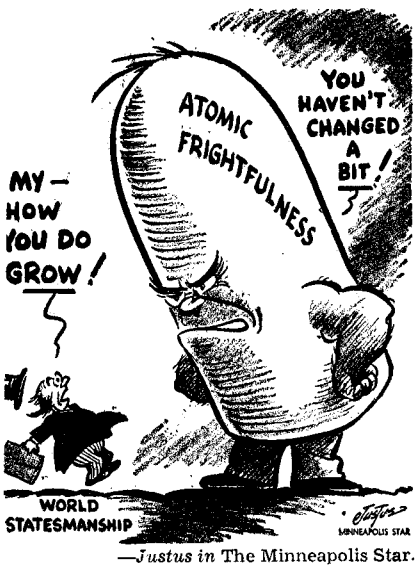
ɛams of a black-market fortune. ɔsca, the central figure in the story, ɜ returned to Germany just beɹse he can no longer stand the reɛctability of his former life. The ɹsm between his high-school illuns and the realities of his war exɛience is too deep; and he has fallen love with a German girl who acɔts him for what he is. Filled with terness and horror which he cant explain to himself, he is being wly drawn into the area of the thological.

This is a new type of "internanal" novel, in fact, where the dequent American hero outdoes the ɔst corrupt European. Henry James d William Dean Howells should ɪver in their graves; yet Mr. Puzo's rd-boiled character becomes credɛ and sympathetic as we learn ɔre about him—and about the narw range of human values which is ɜ only possible source of salvation. ɛlla, the German girl, can sustain ɔsca's belief for a little while, but e, too, is at the call of chance and ɛtune in experience. What Mr. Puzo ɛms to be saying is that none of his ntral figures has any real compresion of the nature of the world ɐy live in. Within a bitter and deying society, the "dark arena" of eir personal ambition can lead them ly to disaster.

There is a brilliant scene where olf and Mosca explore a Nazi forɛss, destroyed by a bomb. They are ɔking for loot; they find only huan flesh "out of which all the fat d blood had been squeezed by the ormous pressure of the falling ɹilding." Even the dead have been ɪshed beyond the limits of human cognition; but at this point there no chance for the living. The Geran Jewish boy Leo, who has sur-

(*Continued on page* 28)




—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Greetings."

**U.S.A. AND THE WORLD**

# The Time Is Now

***"Getting Later by the Minute: Two Minutes Till Midnight," by Elmer Davis*** *(Bobbs-Merrill. 207 pp. $2.75), is a distinguished political commentator's analysis and warning about the future that faces every man.*

By Gilbert Seldes

ELMER DAVIS'S 1954 book, "But We Were Born Free," was concerned with the survival in America of independent reasoning men; his new book, "Getting Later by the Minute: Two Minutes Till Midnight," is concerned with the survival of Americans of any kind. It is dedicated "to the first victim of the hydrogen bomb, J. Robert Oppenheimer," and it is also dedicated to the proposition that we had better avoid an atomic war, but if we don't we'd better win than lose it.

Bertrand Russell, whom Davis treats in cavalier fashion, recently said that the year 1955 may see the extinction of the human race; Davis gives some statistics indicating that this is a pessimistic outlook—it won't be until 1957 that a full-scale raid on twenty-five big American cities will tot up nine million casualties. Until the cobalt bomb comes Davis things there is a difference between winning and losing a war—"if it comes we are all sunk," say the scientists; "but the losers would be sunk a good deal deeper than the winners," says Davis.

The avowed purpose of this book is to make people think about the hydrogen bomb—not about its power as a weapon so much as about the diplomacy and the propaganda which might eliminate the bomb from all our calculations, the alternatives offered, and the dangers we run. It surveys some aspects of Roosevelt's policies in the last war, discusses democratic control of foreign policy, analyzes at length the political career and private life of Alexander the Great, questions the usefulness of dragging the name of God into war propaganda, and hacks away at post-Acheson diplomacy with all the Davis vigor and wit.

The wit on other subjects varies from calling ex-Ambassador Bullitt "Willie" to describing India as "a nation which pays much more attention to what happened to it years ago than to what might happen to it in the near future." It includes sneers at Professor F. S. C. Northrop for using the exact terms of epistemology which happen to be unfamiliar polysyllables. Professor Northrop looks to a meeting of East and West in which each would recognize the peculiar value of the other; Davis implies that Alexander arranged these matters better and adds "some of us think we are spiritually Asiafied enough already." He likes as little the proposal of the atomic scientists implied in the title of their book, "One World or None"—pointing out that in one world the Communists would sit on every commission and court—and could therefore reduce the rest of the world to impotence or subtly weave their propaganda spell.

I DO not challenge the propriety of Davis's attitudes and judgments, but I find them expressed in such a way —allusive or trifling or otherwise unconvincing—that for the first time in my acquaintance with him as a writer and as a commentator I am not sure what he is driving at. He dislikes the kind of diplomacy that utters massive phrases which are cut down to size a few days later; he dislikes Nixon and Knowland (with his "fidelity to his constituents on Formosa"); as always he dislikes cant. But what we are to do to avoid any atomic war and how we can be sure of winning one if we fail to avoid it is not clear in this book.

At the end Davis says "the people who are on the various ground zeros (when the bombs fall) will probably be the most fortunate . . ." That is, those who instantly die. I agree. Where I cannot follow Davis is in his feeling that it would be worth while to survive in a world so monstrously stupid as to let the bombings occur. He seems to think that the survivors will "in all truth nobly save, or meanly lose, the last best hope of earth." The survivors will be as guilty as the dead—and the victors as guilty as the defeated—of the last great crime: the failure to prevent the war from which Davis thinks it is better to emerge as victor. When the H-bomb is dropped—and it doesn't matter by whom—the intelligence of mankind will be listed as a suicide. To continue to exist after that is to have a greed for living, not a respect for life.

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# Triple Threat to Foreign Aid

***"Billions, Blunders, and Baloney," by Eugene W. Castle** (Devin-Adair. 278 pp. $3.50), is a castigation of our foreign-aid and overseas information programs. Here it is reviewed by Hal Lehrman, who reports frequently for American newspapers and magazines on the Balkans and the Middle East. His books include "Russia's Europe" and "Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow."*

By Hal Lehrman

EUGENE W. CASTLE'S "Billions, Blunders, and Baloney" is agin' our foreign-aid overseas information programs. So are a certain number of earnest citizens in our land. If the author had examined the frailties in these operations calmly and fairly he might have done us a public service, even deserved to sell a proper quantity of copies.

But Mr. Castle tunes pianos with a sledge-hammer and writes with the charming objectivity of the *Daily Worker*, though at the other pole. The title of the book is a ripe sample of the man's style and restraint. Consequently, it is this reviewer's guess that Mr. Castle will persuade nobody except those already persuaded—that choice company which regards all furriners as heathen, and considers nearly all Government employes to be misfits and morons.

True, there are waste and inefficiency in the Foreign Operations Administration and the United States Information Agency. Both bureaus make mistakes, frequently. (So does private business: that's what produces bankruptcies.) Mr. Castle has studied up on the boners, and reports them mercilessly.

He tells how an atoms-for-peace show in Rome scared hell out of the Italians, how leaflets dropped on North Korean troops advised them to go home and depicted "home" as a swank little Westchester hideaway complete with motorcar, how economic grants are fed to Franco Spain without controls or good reasons. He denounces oversized staffs, overzealous amateur diplomats, overblown radio, news, and film programs. The latter make him especially mad, he being the Castle of Castle Films. His cure is simply to scrape FOA and USIA, and hand the shrunken remnants to State and Defense.

But he doesn't stop there. According to him, just about nothing committed by either agency has been worth a nickel, though it costs "fantastic billions." Ted Streibert, the current Information chief, and Harold Stassen, the Aid chief, come out a dripping pulp. The Castle language is an arsenal of epithets: rathole, giveaway, slush fund, drainpipe, extravaganza, shakedown, do-gooders, One-Worlders. The argument is a crescendo of hysteria. And the sum-total result, inevitably, is nonsense—and boredom.

FOR instance: Mr. Castle assures us at least a half-dozen times that our information libraries are located in the ultra-fashionable districts of most foreign capitals, thus "out of bounds" to the masses. Yet the merit of these libraries as potent winners of good will has been universally attested. (In Cairo a few years back when the mob ran berserk against foreign property part of the mob went off to *protect* the American Library.) He rants at the "magnificence" of one-time palaces occupied by USIA in some countries. Has he been inside any of those drafty barns? He sneers at the Fulbright exchange fellowships. This makes as much sense as sneering at the value of an education. Incidentally, for one as fussy about accurate reporting as Mr. Castle professes to be, he fouls himself up at a higher rate than permissible even to a cub. (The publishing brothers Ali and Mustapha Amin, of the Egyptian *Akhbar El Youm*, become Ali and "Maiskapa Amid" of *Akh Bak El Youm*.) And nowhere is there the smallest hint that Technical Assistance may be helping the common people of Asia or that the Marshall Plan had anything to do with slowing Communism in western Europe.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Castle doesn't even care much about holding on to our allies. He keeps shifti his ground. First he damns inform tion and foreign aid because oth countries still don't like us. Th don't do what we want them to c No suggestion that maybe, witho our aid, they might dislike us ev more. Then he wants to burn dov the agencies since, despite them, t Soviets have won so many victori He recounts the tragic errors American high policy in places li China, Indo-China, and German His tale is substantially true, b often told before, and entirely irrel vant to his main point. Because t diplomats were wrong, it appea fire the propagandists who had t job of explaining that diplomac This is like arguing that a gener who has lost one contest should th blow up part of his ammunition b fore proceeding to the next battl field.

Then Mr. Castle moves on to d mand why we should "pay enforc tribute" to allies who "would u hesitatingly join the other side if w stopped subsidizing them." He go into a rage over recent visits Washington by Chancellor Adenaue Queen Mother Elizabeth, the Prin Ministers of Ceylon and Pakista the Presidents of Haiti and Liberi and others. Presumably, it would b better to have them visit Mosco instead.

Later on he admits that an ove seas information service might b useful if "synchronized with a dy namic and imagination-stirring fo eign policy." though his prescriptio for same is prudently vague, if n isolationist. Appropriately, he en with a paean to the Fourth of Jul literally, and to America's "tru destiny."

—*Dowling, in* New York Herald Tribu

**"Feel Better?"**

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Arnold Bennett. 2. George Meredith. 3. Owen Davis. 4. Aldous Huxley. 5. Stephen Crane. 6. Fyodor Dostoevsky. 7. Jules Verne. 8. Henri Barbusse. 9. Henry James. 10. Ben Hecht. 11. John Crowe Ransom. 12. Robert Louis Stevenson.

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# Wealth of Health for the Future

***Medical Care for Tomorrow," by Michael M. Davis** (Harper. 497 pp. 6.50), is a leading medical economist's critique of the economic and social problems attending the preservation of health and the practice of medicine in the United States. Albert Deutsch, our reviewer, is the author of The Mentally Ill in America" and other books in the field.*

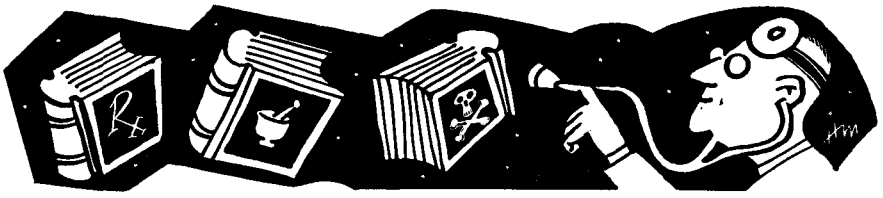
By Albert Deutsch

WHEN Michael M. Davis and a group of distinguished medical conomists and physicians signed a eport in 1932 recommending the ex-ansion of voluntary health insurance, he American Medical Association's fficial organ denounced the report ditorially as "Socialism and Commu-ism, inciting to revolution." The AMA has traveled a long distance, re-uctantly, since then; today it is the ost aggressive advocate of voluntary ealth insurance—"the American way oward better health." But Michael Davis has also moved a long way over he years. In 1932 he rejected the no-ion of a national system of com-ulsory health insurance favored by few of his colleagues on the Com-ittee on the Costs of Medical Care: oday he is its most vigorous and per-istent exponent. For more than two ecades he has been playing hare to he AMA tortoise—but not in the Aesopian sense. To change the meta-hor, he remains the unremitting gad-ly on the back of the AMA mule.

In "Medical Care for Tomorrow" he dean of American medical econo-ists presents the distillation of forty ears of experience and observations n and around the fields of health and nedicine, starting as administrator of he nation's oldest dispensary and witching soon thereafter to research n the social and economic aspects of medical care. The health insurance uestion takes up but a part of the ook; its range is encyclopedic, run-ing briskly over myriad facets of he organization, distribution, and fi-ancing of medical care and public ealth, with a wealth of facts and igures on the operation of private nedical practice, hospitals, clinics, reventive services, dentistry, phar-nacy, nursing, and other areas of the ealing arts.

Mr. Davis scrutinizes the social and economic aspects of this life-saving and health-restoring industry, mainly from the viewpoint of what it means to the consumer of medical services. He analyzes the triumphs and problems reflected in the great scientific discoveries of the past century, with a proliferation of new drugs, equipment, and techniques, and profound transformations in the relationships between patients and doctors, doctors and doctors, doctors and hospitals, and doctors and the "auxiliary" professions. He gives the doctor his due, treating the average practitioner with deep respect. In a chapter on the AMA he even gives this organizational antagonist of his kudos for its many real contributions to the nation's health—in its fight against quackery and for higher standards in medical education, for instance. But he lambastes it to a fare-thee-well for its traditional head-in-the-sand outlook on the economic side of medical care and its failure to seek and adopt sound adjustments to a changing social order. He piles up an im-

(*Continued on page* 25)



## Medical Bag of Facts

IN HIS book "Medical Care for Tomorrow" Michael M. Davis, the dean of medical economists (see review at left), provides some interesting figures on the medical care of yesterday and today as well as that of tomorrow. Here are a few of the more outstanding:

• • There were about 149,000 licensed doctors of medicine in the United States in 1900; in 1950 there were 201,000. The population more than doubled during the fifty years, whereas the number of physicians increased by only 35 per cent. But the doctor of today is far beyond the doctors of fifty years ago in quality of training. The low-grade medical schools which infested the country in 1900 have been eliminated.

• • The American consumer has increased his expenditures for medical care at a more rapid rate from 1929 to 1950 than for tobacco, alcoholic beverages, recreation.

• • The doctor has become preponderantly a city man. Today slightly more than half of our people live in metropolitan areas, but 70 per cent of the physicians are found here. Conversely, only 4 per cent of the physicians live in counties that have no place larger than 2,500 population, whereas 8 per cent of the people dwell in such counties. Economic, professional, and personal incentives have combined to bring about this urban concentration of medical manpower.

• • The Negroes comprised 10 per cent of the total population of the U. S. at the last census, but the 4,000 Negro physicians were less than 2 per cent of all the physicians.

• • In 1900 the census recorded 11,804 professional nurses in the United States, one to 6,446 of the population at that time. In 1951 the number of active professional nurses was 366,134, or one to each 422 persons. The ratio of nurses to population has multiplied fifteen times!

• • Only in communities of under 2,500 population do the general practitioners still constitute five-sixths or more of the physicians, as they did everywhere two generations ago. Their dominance even in these small places is less than the figure "five-sixths" suggests, since many of the local people go to specialists in larger communities.

• • The total of all private philanthropic gifts for medical care appears to be from $400-$500 million a year—less than 4 per cent of the total expenditures for medical care.

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# Divided Don in the Looking Glass

—*Illustrations from the book*

**A drawing from Carroll's "Three Sunsets."**

***"Lewis Carroll," by Derek Hudson*** *(Macmillan. 354 pp. $4.50), is a new biography and interpretation of the author of "Alice in Wonderland." Professor Edgar Johnson, who reviews it here, is the author of "Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph."*

By Edgar Johnson

THE great virtue of Derek Hudson's new life of Lewis Carroll is that it dissolves the sharp antithesis between the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson and Lewis Carroll. There is no Jekyll-and-Hyde split into the creator of Alice, the White Rabbit, and the Mock Turtle, and that prim and cantankerous Victorian don writing dryly repellent mathematical treatises. Dodgson the mathematician illustrated his "Euclid and His Modern Rivals" with wildly imaginative mathematical problems, was fond of puzzles and cryptograms, and catalogued all his correspondence with a mad zeal worthy of the White Knight, ultimately reaching the fantastic figure of 98,721. Dodgson the meticulous Curator of the Senior Common Room was capable of calculating that his predecessor had laid down sherry to last 300 years and of discussing the ventilation, lighting, and furnishings of that gathering place under the title "Airs, Glares, and Chairs."

It is easy to see how this personage merges into the man who carried supplies of safety pins to the seaside to tuck up the drawers of little girls who went wading, and wrote children letters explaining that the heat had evaporated all his ink "into a cloud of black steam . . . floating about the room, inking the walls and ceiling," and later coming "back into the ink bottle in the form of black snow." The fantasist and the logician are one and the same.

—*By Lewis Carroll.*

**Alice—"inspired sanity of the child."**

All this is not to deny the incongruities, the conflicts, and the dichotomies in Carroll-Dodgson's character, but it does drastically narrow the gulf, revealing the pixy in the proper clergyman, the male Mrs. Grundy in the iconoclastic fabulist. This unity emerges, however, almost inadvertently from Mr. Hudson's analysis, for he is ready to concede somewhat too much, I think, to the proponents of a divided Carroll. He suggests not a vertical but a "horizontal division between the happy boy" and the "earnest mathematician," who, he says, "never grew to maturity." No doubt Carroll's "intimations of Wonderland" *were* "photographed on his mind before he was fourteen," but the forms into which they were molded and the meaning they were given, as Mr. Hudson's own biographical materials amply prove, were the brilliantly fused creation of the child, the logician, *and* the man. From one point of view, to be sure, the Alice books are a child's devastatingly ruthless vision of how nonsensically pretentious and even monstrous are the codes and conventions to which adults ask the young to conform. But from another it is only the understanding of maturity that can shape childhood's bewildered rebellion into a clarity of insight that exclaims—and attains to freedom in so doing—"You're all only a pack of cards!"

NEVERTHELESS, Mr. Hudson is certainly right in finding the roots of Carroll's fantasy in his childhood. He notes a suggestive little cache recently uncovered when the floorboards of the nursery at Croft Rectory were ripped up—a white glove, a thimble, and a child's left shoe: which will recall Alice's adventures with the first two of these objects, and the lines in the White Knight's song about madly squeezing "a right-hand foot into a left-hand shoe." Equally useful is Mr. Hudson's demonstration tha nonsense was a natural and familia part of Carroll's background fron childhood; he quotes a letter writte to the boy by his clergyman fathe breathing mock threats of creating holocaust in the town of Leeds: "Pig & babies, camels & butterflies, rollin in the gutter together—old wome rushing up chimneys & cows afte them—ducks hiding themselves in cof fee cups—" and "at last the Mayo of Leeds . . . stuck full of almond to make him look like a sponge cak that he may escape the dreadful de struction of the Town."

Beyond this, Mr. Hudson's presentation of Lewis Carroll is a combination of common sense and crotchet in certain ways oddly appropriate t his subject. He makes effective us of the recently published diaries an of many letters now available for th first time, but he will frustrate man readers by mentioning a letter a interesting and characteristic but failing to quote it because it has already appeared in Collingwood's or Mrs Lennon's biography. He steers a sensible course between the Scylla o doctrinaire psychoanalysis and th Charybdis of uncompromising environmentalism; only, in contrast to thi balance of judgment, to quote graphologist's interpretations of Carroll's handwriting as serious scientific evidence.

I think Mr. Hudson goes too far in utterly rejecting Freudian insights even though they do sometimes throw out violently uterine fantasies. Despite the fact that Carroll himself would probably have been horrified by the suggestion that Alice's escape from the hall of tears is an allegory of the birth trauma, I am not sure that it is without substance. And I am sure that in avoiding hypothesis Mr. Hudson becomes over-cautious. Certainly the mature Carroll as well as the child speaks through Humpty-Dumpty and the White Knight, and through the enveloping significance of many of the episodes. Nothing is plainer than that "Alice's Adventures

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# Roving the Red Sanctum

***4merican in Russia," by Harrison . Salisbury*** *(Harper. 328 pp. $4), is report by* The New York Times*'s former Moscow correspondent on what he bserved during his five years in Rus-a. Vice Admiral Leslie C. Stevens, SN (Ret.), who reviews it below, rved for two years as U. S. naval tache in Moscow after World War II.*

y Leslie C. Stevens

HARRISON SALISBURY, until this winter the Moscow correspondent of *The New York Times*, encountered some unusual opportunities during his five years in that dark country. he result is an unusual book, American in Russia." One by one, oreign correspondents were frozen ut of the Soviet Union, until Salisury remained one of the very few ho was in a position to give us a rst-hand account of the enigmatic vents that preceded and followed talin's dramatic death. Many a corespondent would have given his ears have been in Russia at such a time. ot only did this one also see the first ear and a half of the new regime, e was the first Westerner of this eneration to travel so widely in the oviet Union. It seemed as though any of the places he visited had lmost vanished from the map. The cene of most of his book is Moscow, ut there are long and fascinating assages that take place in Georgia, outhwest Asia, and such points in astern Siberia as Yakutsk, Khaarovsk, and Birobidjan.

"American in Russia" should be ead by millions of Americans, for it s Russia, and it is important that nillions of Americans know what Russia is like. This book is something uite different from Mr. Salisbury's rticles which were widely read in he *Times*, and it produces an effect uite different from what might be xpected from gathering together in ne place his views on important eople and events. A book permits he inclusion of more subjective maerial, and it is as a reporter of cenes, moods, and atmosphere that Salisbury excels, rather than as an nterpreter of ultimate meanings and a predictor of the future. Salisbury an write, and therein lies his merit.

Mr. Salisbury can sense and give dramatic expression to the Georgian temperament as shown by the reaction of a Tiflis audience to "Othello," and one can appreciate his insight here while not going as far as he seems to go in believing that the bloody suspicion which has disfigured the Soviet Union is the result of Stalin's Georgian temperament rather than the inevitable product of the Bolshevik system. Mr. Salisbury's descriptions of Samarkand, of spring in Moscow, and of the MVD in Khabarovsk are wonderful things, and he can portray a wide range of mood and feeling, from that of menacing fear which is so peculiar (and so damning) to Russia, to the proper bourgeois atmosphere of a Volga boat trip.

AS A pundit, Mr. Salisbury sometimes seems to attempt both to have his cake and eat it. One gets the impression that the regime has changed fundamentally for the better since Stalin's day, yet that its leaders are still untrustworthy Communists with the same basically evil aims. We might be able to make a deal with them, yet we cannot afford not to stay always stronger than they. And there is still a hint of the old air of reproach for our own people, that, after all, perhaps it is we who have been wrong. One wonders why he is not willing more often to "wait and see" a little longer, as with the post-Stalin regime.

Perhaps the trouble comes from the demand that a fine reporter be also a political oracle. It would seem that Russia is sufficiently complex to expect sound. appraisals only within those areas of thorough study and understanding, and there is much for which we have an insufficient basis for understanding. The scholar does not do badly so long as he sticks to his own area. To many the most notable shortcoming of "American in Russia" will be its apparent disregard of the many and varied aspects of Communism as a political force.

Mr. Salisbury is not the first Moscow correspondent of the *Times* to be a great reporter and a fine writer but not the best of guides in all things. Nor should that limit the popularity of his vivid, living, eminently readable book. It would be unreasonable to expect Mr. Salisbury to solve all our problems for us.

—*New York Times Photo.*

**Harrison Salisbury—"a great reporter."**

# Notable Journey

***"The Red Carpet," by Marshall MacDuffie*** *(W. W. Norton. 330 pp. $4.50), is an American lawyer's report on his 10,000-mile journey through Russia on a visa issued by Nikita Khrushchev, who has recently risen to new eminence. Here it is reviewed by Orianna Atkinson, who spent several wartime years in Moscow with her husband, Brooks Atkinson of* The New York Times, *and wrote about the experience in "Over at Uncle Joe's."*

By Orianna Atkinson

TO THE turbid and ever increasing river of travelogue books about Russia we must now add "The Red Carpet," by a lawyer, Marshall MacDuffie. A felicitous title and a very different cup of tea from anything we have had to date. Its predecessors have been simple declarative statements; Mr. MacDuffie gives us a comparative story. Against the background of his first visit to the USSR in 1946, he draws his new picture of present-day developments and activities.

As Chief of the UNRRA Mission in 1946, Mr. MacDuffie spent many months and $180,000,000 pouring out aid in foodstuffs and material to our friends and allies, the Soviet Russians. He lived in Kiev, but in the line of duty, traveled widely in Byleorussia and the Ukraine. His purpose in writing "The Red Carpet" was not only to retrace former paths, but to extend his observations as much as possible.

He had reason to believe that he might be allowed to do this because

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# Down the Ages with Eros, Thanatos and Falsies

"Spring in the Seventies."

"IN THE language of Freud, man has two inborn capacities, and each may manifest in a nobler or baser form. There is Eros, which is love and creativity, but also lust; and there is Thanatos, which is hate and destruction, but may also become the power to control and manipulate for useful purposes. . . . The belief that sexual desires and habits are something which can be placed in an air-tight compartment, and sealed off from history without affecting the development of the story, is no longer tenable. Eros and Thanatos permeate every compartment of human activity, and a history which attempts to ignore this fact is not merely emasculated but unintelligible."

Thus G. Rattray Taylor in the opening pages of "Sex in History," and thus the interesting burden of four new books, including Mr. Taylor's, at which we take a quick running look on these two pages. The books:

**"Sex in History,"** by G. Rattray Taylor (Vanguard Press, $5).

**"A History of Courting,"** by E. S. Turner (Dutton, $3.75).

**"The Evolution of Love,"** by Donald Day (Dial Press, $5.95).

**"Muffs and Morals,"** by Pearl Binder (a study in the interrelationship of dress, "decency," and manners, to be published next week by Morrow at $3.75).

LET'S see what we have here: one really important new book; two in-betweeners—informative and entertaining in-betweeners; and one huge great lump of boilerplate. This last, to dispose of it first, is Mr. Day's cheap-jack-proliferate "Evolution of Love"—and boilerplate, should you happen not to know, is small-town journalese for cornball syndicated material, most of it with a highly commercial slant, which you can cast up (from "mats") at a moment's notice if it's a question of a hole somewhere in the forms that can't otherwise be filled.

The in-betweeners are Mr. Turner's "History of Courting" and Miss Binder's right-little-bright-little treatment of the Eros-Thanatos question in terms of bustles, codpieces, and falsies.

The important book is Mr. Taylor's "Sex in History." Important means serious, adventurous, illuminating. Need I add that serious does not in turn mean grave? On the contrary, I find Mr. Taylor's prose to be a good deal more urbane, alive, and readable than nine-tenths of all the sex-writing we've had since Papa Freud's.

If Freud, as we know, thought of himself primarily as a Conquistador, then Mr. Taylor surely qualifies as an Expert Mapper-and-Charter—not of the psyche but of the symptomology: this is how it all *truly* revealed itsel the ebbing and flowing of the psych down through all the ages, reigns, an societies; in law, in politics, in litera ture, in art; in attitudes; in conduc I stress the truly because of the wa that Mr. Taylor knocks preconcep tions galley-west, all along the rout Just as a sample, take the Restoratio an era often described as bawdy, sen sual, and licentious. Not so, says ou guide, flourishing his evidence: it wa a time of debauchery for only a tin fraction of the population—the kin the court, the handful of people wh wrote plays or read them or went t see them; for all the others it was time of nothing so much as shee brute sadism—nose smashings an eye-gougings become a public spor flogging become a national passio Chace Pine, a roué, devises a machin that can whip forty persons at a tim —and sadism is whatever else it is c isn't, but in any event it is certainl not bawdiness.

Like most writers on brash sub jects, Mr. Taylor has his own privat key, his system. "It will be my thes in this book that the various change and contrasts in European [he mean Western] sexual behaviour can b systematically accounted for [i terms of the fact] that at certain pe riods there was a predominating tend ency for male children to model them selves on their fathers, and so to pro duce an authoritarian and restrictiv attitude in society as a whole, whil

*—Illustrations from "A History of Courting."*

**"An advertiser of the Eighties tries the courting angle: The lady in the hammock has bewitched her suitor by wearing a dress made of 'My Queen' Vel-Vel."**

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—*From "A History of Courting."*

favorite theme—from *London Opinion* (1926): Her father (as he goes to bed at 11:45) s, "Give me a call when you go, please. I've got to be up early in the morning."

others there was a tendency to odel on the mother, producing a ry different attitude. . . . Though I n no great lover of jargon, it would tedious to refer continually to pern ns who have modeled themselves their fathers. I shall therefore re- r to them as *patrists*." Those moth-wise-modeled are of course matrists. ie Restoration was one of many trist eras; in our own time the edle is swinging over from patrism matrism. Are you listening, Mme. Beauvoir?

At first glance patrism-matrism oks very much like warmed-over triarchy-matriarchy. But Mr. Tay- r has made clear the difference: the d terms refer to *institutions*; he is terested in measuring *attitudes*. At- udes, as he points out, are always couple of full beats out ahead of stitutions. —JERRY TALLMER.

## Up from the Amoeba

• Byron is said to have disliked to e women eating, unless lobster and ampagne. Beau Brummell claimed have broken off an affair because ie lady "actually ate cabbage."
—"A History of Courting."

• There are, of course, other ways r a man to parade his virility in his ress besides flaunting his legs in ghts or displaying a manly cod-iece. Henry VIII was so proud of his road shoulders that he had his dou-lets built out almost square, a style ithfully copied by his courtiers. Flat ap and jowl-beard squaring off the ace further emphasized this bulky ook. —"Muffs and Morals."

• False breasts (*appas postiches*) were sold in Paris under the poetic name of *suppléants*. In 1803 Moreau de la Sarthe patented a new kind of corset, called *divorces*, which reached no farther than the navel, and which was designed to separate the breasts, an idea which is now once again in fashion after a hundred and fifty years, under the American title of "cleavage." —"Muffs and Morals."

• Of the actual "business" of courtship and love-making what did Hollywood contribute? It showed boys how to walk with girls, how to pilot them in public places, how to chaff, flatter, and rally them. It taught them how to hold a girl, how long and how tight. It familiarized them with the looks which mean "I won't be kissed," "I don't mind if I'm kissed," "I want to be kissed," "Stop it, I like it," "I like it but stop it," and a dozen others. On the debit side it popularized the "wolf whistle," the least lovely of Nature's courting cries. . . .

The cinema taught girls the peculiar potency of the female eye; how to halt or dismiss a man with a look: how to search his eyes at close quarters (with an engaging left-to-right oscillation of the eyeballs). It indicated some of the uses for eyelids. It taught girls to recognize the symptoms of a kiss coming on, how to parry it, how to encourage it while apparently avoiding it, or how to return it with interest. There is evidence in more than one quarter that the cinema taught girls the trick of closing their eyes when kissed, which one had always supposed to be a natural instinct of women. It encouraged them to kick up one heel (or even two heels) when embraced. It also taught them how and when to slap.
—"A History of Courting."

• Fashion is a knife used to draw a firm line between the noble by birth and less so, the richer and the poorer. Extravagance is employed by those above to outwit those below from copying. —"Muffs and Morals."

• The significant thing [about the new morality ushered in by World War I] was that though many a woman during these war years "lost her name" yet she was not permanently ruined. For the first time in history the "fallen woman" got up again—a little shaken, a little surprised at herself—and carried on. The thing became a joke; there was a proposal to erect a plaque in a famous London hotel "to the women who fell here during the Great War." Soon there would be many more jokes.

Courting, as distinct from cohabitation, was by now an activity stripped of protocol and deference. When the box labeled "Sex" had been sprung open the first thing to fly out—though hardly anyone realized it at the time—had been magic. At war's end the sight of six inches of female leg was still a noteworthy one, and many a girl could have let down enough hair to sit on. Wantonly, as it seemed, woman now began to throw away the elements of her femininity. She slashed off her hair, ripped several inches from her skirt, lost her hips, and flattened her bosom. Those males who sighed for the frustrations that went with hoops and other defense works were out of luck; rarely had woman worn less armor against "the rash hand of licentiousness."
—"A History of Courting."

—*From "Muffs and Morals."*

**Fop with muff, after Hogarth's "Taste in High Life (eighteenth century)."**

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# How Many Worlds?

TOWERING over New York's East River the glass and steel United Nations buildings with its gleaming white assembly hall remains a majestic symbol of the hope of mankind for a united world. The tens of thousands of chattering pilgrims of all ages who visit it every year emerge as quietly or somberly as if they had visited the vast temple of a religion which has given them new hope for the future of mankind. For some time it has been apparent that we have been naive; we are an impatient and hopeful people who expect immediate results and are grievously disappointed when they are not achieved. In the years that have passed since Wendell Willkie returned from his world tour to announce in his "One World" that all people everywhere are good at heart and lovers of peace there have been alarming evidences that we have been deceived and betrayed by vast and threatening forces over which we have no control.

And yet the dream remains, whether it is called One World or World Federalism. We now speak readily of two worlds as if that precarious balance between belligerent Communist states and their satellites and the democratic powers and their allies might be a temporary solution to our dilemma and not a dangerous paradox. Would it not be safer, we are beginning to ask, if there were three and not two worlds, or even more than three? Allies who are bribed with modern weapons and vast sums of money, or satellites dominated by armed forces and a ubiquitous secret police, have never in history remained constantly faithful. India and the smaller states of the Middle East might well be united and armed, defended, if necessary, and gradually brought into the modern world, though they might still cry, "A curse on both your houses." Their indigenous culture, their ancient beliefs might in this way be guarded from the shock and turmoil caused by the overwhelming effect of the impact on them of Western nations and empires. Perhaps this, too, is a dream; but if it should be successful it might lighten the pressures and the fears that torment us day after day.

We know the value in all human life of freedom of speech, and yet we have become so sensitive to the harsh words of men who do not see eye to eye with us, but who would fight to the death against Communist tyranny, that we live in constant apprehension of what they will say next. Like a lovelorn maiden, we are in a state of mind in which we must be admired, loved, and wooed. As an example, the able editor of England's *New Statesman and Nation* wrote in his editorial of this week, "Mr. Malenkov had heard his own pleas for peaceful co-existence contemptuously dismissed by Mr. Dulles as a surrender to the increasing strength of the West, and he has had to watch—in Germany as well as in Formosa—an American policy at work which must have seemed to anyone in Russia an unanswerable proof that any softness on the part of the Kremlin only increases the appetite and raises the demands of the Western Powers." Mr. Crossman is not a Communist, and he may, or may not, believe this upside-down double-talk. He is a member of Parliament who every week furnishes ammunition for the left wing of the Labor Party. He adds that "negotiation through strength" is a mirage and fails to see, like Nehru sometimes, that negotiation through weakness would lead disaster. It is true that negotiati through equality would be sensit But how does one gauge equalit This is an excellent example of wl we must endure with equanim from our friends and allies. ' must grin and bear it! There a worlds within the two worlds of co petitive and armed might, worlds ideas which seem reasonable to ma sane people and bitterly harsh a inimical to the majority who fail understand the reasons behind th words. The reason is often due to th words.

WITHIN thirteen years the peo of the United States have rushed w astonishing speed from a half-heart isolationism to become the great power in the world today. We ha learned a great deal more about ou selves and about the outer world this brief time than in decades of o past history. This extraordinary d velopment has been the result r only of the wider knowledge of o leaders, but of the millions of Amer can tourists and men and women the armed services who have cross through the years the Atlantic a the Pacific. We have not yet acquir the deeper wisdom about ourselv that will be demanded of us. Jol La Farge in the latest issue of *T American Scholar* correctly stat this sentiment when he wrote, "O scholars will need to collect and asse the lessons of the past and evalua various techniques for developi mutual understanding." He is refe ring to our own people, who do n need to be professors, in their strugg to emancipate us from the weight our sins against the American Negr though what he says might be a plied toward foreign peoples as we "They will seek a wider and deep basis of cooperation. They will i quire about the meaning of men's di logue with one another and wheth all human dialogue may not resol itself into a dialogue with God, Wl put us here. Sooner or later they w inquire whether there may not l two participants to that dialogu whether it is all Job speaking to Go or whether God may not be sayi something to Job."

In the past Americans abroad ha been liked, partly for their generosit and partly because we are friend people. We must not now becor taskmasters. We must not blan others for their opinions. We must l them live in their own worlds wit out the fear that too many foreigne have of our motives. If we can unde stand why we may appear to them be arrogant and dangerous the wor may at last rest in peace. —H. S.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### TI-ABSOLUTE

HIS REVIEW of Bertrand Russell's book man Society in Ethics and Politics" t Jan. 29] Brand Blandshard objects Russell's theory of values because, as says, "I am convinced . . . that you not build an ethics on this sort of ndation." From this premise, appar-ly, he concludes that Russell's "central sis is in error."

Blandshard's chief argument against ssell's ethics is that it contains no isfactory concept of duty since, accord- to Russell, the ultimate source of ical standards is nothing more solid n individual human desires and emo-ns. But what acceptable alternative to s viewpoint is there? The theologian's ths, the mystic's delusions, and the taphysician's speculations are relics m a prescientific era and offer nothing modern minds. Russell's philosophy, abandoning the futile quest for super-man moral sanctions and by recogniz-individual human differences, corrects gross errors of dogmatic systems of past, errors kept alive by present-day vation salesmen and spokesmen for "Absolute." In a scientific age we can-ground morality upon illusion; we not force the Shaws and the Ein-ins into allegiance to the same ideal.

C. W. GRIFFIN.

Erlton, N.J.

### DICATION OF RESPONSIBILITY

TER W. DENZER'S LETTER [LETTERS TO THE ITOR, *SR* Jan. 15], in its "holier than ou" naivete, demands some comment. 'd like to start by quoting two sen-ices. "Conscientious objection to war is rmitted on religious grounds. I make objection on rational grounds." To ply as this does that the interpretation religious belief to support a stand of nscientious objection is in some way orth noting different from a similar sition arrived at through no reference religion is ridiculous. I am sure that any religious people are quite positive at "it is simply unreasonable to have war." They merely reinforce their logic, d incidentally fortify their morale, by ntending that this "unreason" is con-ary to God's commandments. Let us duce this to an absurdity. Would Den-r use "rational" to indicate differences tween believers and non-believers who go to war? Of course, I appreciate the oint he is making in the above quote. ally religious sanctioned objection to ar is recognized in law. How noble of m then—to stick his neck out even rther than the religious!

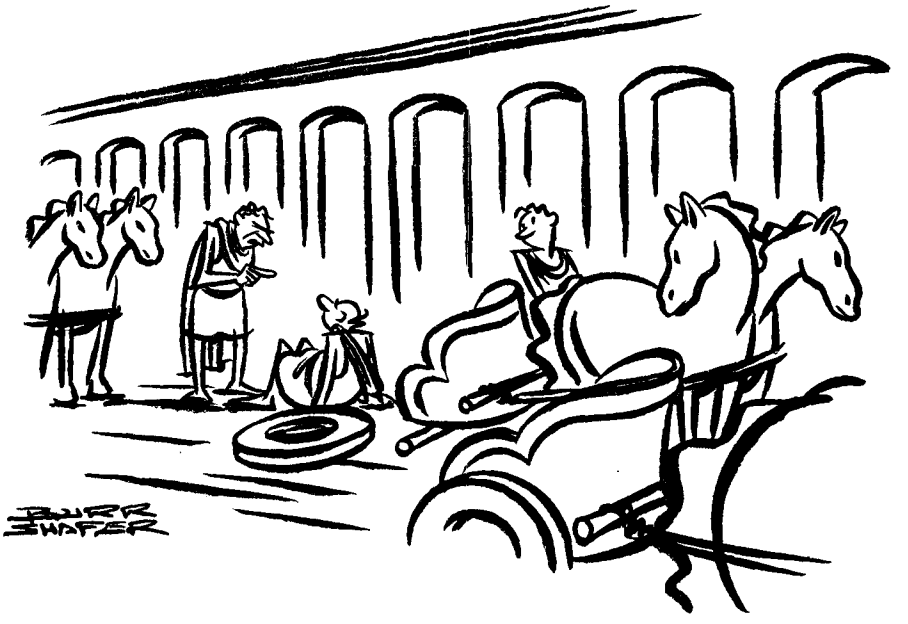
He tells us that he has never been faced ith the "witless" choice of using force being killed. That while he has been reatened with destruction he has never lled a man. Believing that there are illions more like him he asks "cannot e nations now follow our small ex-nple?" Well, now, I too have never killed. But I'll not claim membership in any band of moral virtuosi for my good luck in never having had to bloody my hands. Whatever of guilt and responsibility there be in the death of Chinese at the hands of Americans—I share in to some degree. (I share in it if I just pay my taxes!) Tell us, Mr. Denzer, have you ever had any killing done for you by proxy? You have, Mr. Denzer, unless for the mature part of your life you've protested the carrying of guns by policemen!

The above may sound as though I think conscientious objection to be a form of hypocrisy. Let me say then that I do not believe logical consistency to be a test of sincerity. I'll go further and uphold the "right to be wrong" of anyone on this subject. What I cannot grant is a moral difference between those who fight and those who hold coats. As for those who elect prison, rather than take part in war to any degree, I can admire their fortitude, if not their judgment.

What I do believe is that the prior commitment not to fight is just about as dangerous, and as silly, as a similar commitment to fight at the slightest provocation. The result in either case is the abdication of responsibility for civilization.

JAMESON D. SELLECK.

Ashland, Ore.




THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Maybe this'll teach you to watch how you change traffic lanes on the Appian Way!"

### MINORITY MORONS

GILBERT SELDES hit several nails, or wooden pegs, on the head in his article "Morons Unite!" [*SR* Jan. 15]. Television's blatant suggestion that we have become so mechanized that we must even be told when to laugh is like some horrible Orwellian prophecy come true. Personally, I can't see the reason for the use of the prerecorded laugh track. To be sure, it devours mediocre lines, but the cat of the track also tends to destroy listeners' moronic spontaneity.

RUTH STEN.

Anoka, Minn.

### SPIRIT OF THOREAU

WHEN THE SHADE of Thoreau paid a recent visit to Madison Avenue ["Thoreau on Madison Avenue," *SR* Jan. 29] Joseph Wood Krutch managed to catch his very spirit, and to write down some sentences that might very well have come from Thoreau's own constructively critical pen. It is a valuable contribution to present-day needs, that article; and I am very glad indeed, when publishers claim to be losing money on books of worth because so many people prefer to give their leisure time to newspaper comics, and TV, and the movies, and the radio—I am very glad indeed to find Thoreau and his clear, hard, creative type of thought brought to our attention once more in such an article as Krutch's.

WINFRED RHOADES.

Sudbury, Mass.

### THOREAU AND KRUTCH

THE ARTICLE entitled "Thoreau on Madison Avenue" was much enjoyed, moreover, because as a freshman at Kenyon College I have just completed "Walden" in my English course. Thoreau, in my opinion, leaves some desired questions unanswered. Krutch did just what I would like to have done with Thoreau, *i.e.*, explain to him why his pattern could not exist in the "complicated" society of today.

WILLIAM C. MORRISON.

Gambier, Ohio.

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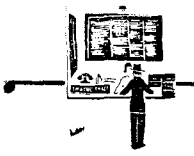

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

## Life in a Personnel Man

"The Desperate Hours" lies somewhere between the out-and-out theatrical artificiality of "Witness for the Prosecution" and the deep-burning commentary on civilization's control of violence in "The Bad Seed." The new play begins with what appears to be an ordinary family named Hilliard who reside in Indianapolis. Mr. Hilliard is the taciturn personnel director of the local department store, and like most men of his station has resigned himself to an unexciting existence in order to create a home and family which—on the surface—would seem to bring him more frayed nerves than love and understanding. Suddenly into this home, held together by habit rather than by any conscious feeling of mutual love and respect, come three escaped convicts, who proceed to hold the Hilliards as hostages against betrayal to the police. From this moment Mr. Hilliard becomes an instinct-driven man risking his life with animal desperation to try to save his wife and children.

His opponents' allies are loaded guns and an unscrupulousness which would permit them without hesitation to shoot the little boy and/or rape the teen-age daughter. Mr. Hilliard's allies are his orderly brain ("Clickety-click!" is the gangster's derisive description) and a courage fed by awareness of the deep attachment he really has for what they had all been taking for granted. The police? They are the allies of neither, for if they attempt to capture the convicts the convicts will shoot the hostages.

In these tense circumstances the Hilliards and the audience must sweat it out. And because Joseph Hayes, who adapted the play from his own novel (Random House, $3.50), has written it with a minimum of exaggeration its action involves you more directly than any play in a long time. The suspense and constant activity keep the focus off the individual performers. The actors are what they are supposed to be, with Karl Malden and Nancy Coleman as Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard and George Matthews as an elder ruffian heading the list of sensitive portrayals. Paul Newman as the hoodlum leader juts a bit too far across the line between the real and the souped-up, and one wishes that director Robert Montgomery had brought the bold performance down a notch to the s level as the rest of the cast.

Despite its suspense, "The Des rate Hours" is not unrelieved by casional moments of humor. hoodlum's advising the eight-year- child to "get his kicks young" is daciously funny, and so is Mr. liard's danger-enforced attempt convince a prim schoolteacher tha is a habitual beer-guzzler.

In most respects the play has lowed the novel with admirable c In fact, the material gains thro its distillation and the more const physical presence of the tight sit tion. Through the clever use of p spective Howard Bay manages create an entire house in about tw ty-four feet of stage. This dram cage works as a transparent press system in which the audience continually observe simultaneous tivity. This is an exciting technic and it is hoped that the success "The Desperate Hours" will pro development of its potentialities.

The police's dilemma of how capture the escaped criminals wi out harming the Hilliards, matc against their inexorable duty to p tect the entire public by closing on them regardless, has been sha ened into a clear debate between local sheriff, a state trooper, and FBI official. The threat to the sheri life has been deemphasized so not to detract from the main plot

One regrettable intrusion in play is Mr. Hayes's invention of unhappy childhood for the two you torpedoes which manifests itself the form of psychoanalytic recall the drama's climax. Much bet dramatizing is the hard quick a swer of the younger of the two his brother's question, "What's t Hilliard girl got that my Helen ain't The younger boy looks his fierce formidable brother in the eye a replies quietly, "Helen's a tram Although we never have a char to verify this appraisal of a girl w has at least had the discipline save her boy-friend's money for hi she is guilty by association and t line is effective. Anyway, Mr. Hay is not posing ethical questions. Rath he seems to be demonstrating th the American upper-middle-class decried by litterateurs and sociologi is perhaps more admirable than has been led to believe.

—Henry Hewes.

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TV AND RADIO

# The Efficient Murderer

MURDER was brilliantly done on the (NBC) Kraft Television Theatre in January and re-ated "by popular demand" early in ebruary. The unplanned second per-rmance of an original television ama so soon after its first showing an unusual video event. The nota-lity is doubly compounded when e play pyramids its prestige almost clusively by word of mouth. Of even arper interest to this viewer is the ct that the "murder" which climaxes e drama is unwittingly (I hope not eliberately) condoned by the author id producer in subtle yet painful olation of commonly honored and eeply cherished moral principles.

"Patterns," written by Rod Serling, id produced and directed by Fielder ook, was one of those oh-so-rare licities in television—a "sleeper." It rived, no more heralded in the Kraft sembly line than any other weekly ama—this the 463rd in the vener-ble series. I came upon it by chance the J. Walter Thompson advertis-g agency screening room, where I as on the track of programs in the ew Eastman-Kodak "Norby" series, arring David Wayne (Wednesdays, BC).

Impressed and moved by "Pat-rns," I read the script and talked ith the producer. In the years I ave been viewing television I do ot recall being so engaged by a rama, nor so stimulated to challenge ie haunting conclusions of an hour's ntertainment.

"Patterns" is the story of murder the executive echelon of a typical ig-business corporation. I call it urder; in the story the victim dies uddenly of a heart attack, but the atality comes stunningly on the heels f an executive conference in which he company's president plunges an nvisible dagger, tipped with the poi-on of fear, hate, and resentment, nto the life-urge of an unwanted ember of his high command—Andy loane, industrial relations, thirty ears' service, last of the company's ounding fathers. Andy is ill, scared f losing his high-salaried job ("The igger the job the more desperate you re to keep it"). He values people, ecency; he speaks an honest mind o Ramsey, his old boss's son, who as taken over. Maybe Andy has lost is youthful fire; Ramsey asserts he as. In sympathetic surroundings ma-uring men can become elder, wiser, valuable "statesmen." Ramsey is not sympathetic.

He can't fire Andy. "You don't fire top executives." You torture them into reputable resignation. You needle away at their pride, maneuver them into humiliating situations in the presence of their associates. You bring in Fred Staples, a young "hot-shot" from Cincinnati, presumably to "work under" Andy. Everyone knows he's Andy's replacement. But the older man hangs on, grimly; the jungle he knows is more companionable than the one he imagines—out there. Then comes his annual report. He and the new man pool ideas in a double-credited effort. Ramsey deliberately strikes Andy's name off. In the show-down the older man hasn't the heart to fight. He crawls.

"Patterns" is the kind of a script that strikes a match to production talents. Director, cast, even stage-hands suddenly become aware they're touching a piece of uranium in the TV desert. You're inching open a curtain on truth. The "kicking upstairs" —it really happens. Ed Begley plays the unwanted veteran. Everett Sloane is Ramsey. These are actors with depths seldom sounded by television. They're sounding now. Richard Kiley as the replacement; Elizabeth Wilson as Marge, Andy's loyal, perceptive secretary; Joanna Roos, as the new man's candidly ambitious wife; the smaller parts; the walk-ons—there is an integrity to all performances, a cleanness of statement, phrasing, feeling. Rod Serling's lines are spare, measured out with intensity, precision. Mr. Cook's direction is superb, illuminated with symbolic moments when the walls of a set, the lighting, the echo of footsteps down a dark, empty corridor eloquently join in the telling of the story.

HOW wonderful that rich, young, bedeviled TV can come up with so meaningful a theme, so honest and revealing a treatment! It *can* happen here. Then Fred Staples returns from the hospital where Andy has died (the two men were really fond of each other—no rivalry between them but Ramsey's). Righteously indignant, Staples walks into Ramsey's office to tell him off and to quit—but moments later he walks out—still on the job. How has Ramsey persuaded him? The tyrant has admitted his lack of humanity, but he has waved aloft the


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banner of impersonal achievement. "It is no one's business! It belongs only to the best! To those who can control it. Keep it growing, producing—keep it alive! It belongs to us right now! In the future, to whoever can give it more . . . I don't ask to be liked—fight me, take over if you can. And watch the business grow . . ."

Young Staples then stands revealed in his true hollowness. He had suggested it earlier when he equivocated on the question of credit for the annual report. He had admitted wanting the job, had left it to Andy to take the lead in the showdown. His big ethical explosion is a naked rationalization. He is Ramsey's man. They are all Ramsey's—Staples's wife, the other executives who conform—even Ramsey himself, who hasn't the courage to fire Andy but must kill him by cowardly indirection. All except Marge, Andy's secretary, who takes her potted plant and quits when she gets the news from the hospital.

I repeat. The author and producer may not have wanted to imply a favorable judgment on the play's ending; but that's how the final armed truce between Ramsey and Staples comes out. Poor old Andy is dead and swept under the carpet. Ahead lie fulfilment and peak achievement for the living—on terms of competitive struggle alone. Rising sales curve is God and Ramsey is his prophet. Inefficiency is heresy and crime is compassion. It is a fine thing to have struck so firm and brilliant a note as "Patterns." It is shocking to think that the moral climate of our time is so committed or befogged that a drama of such seriousness and merit should fail to penetrate into the utter issue raised by the situation and to stand up and be counted on the side of decency.

Harking back to "Norby," it is perhaps unfair to comment upon this unpretentious comedy series in so solemn a mood as "Patterns" inspires. But Eastman-Kodak has cast its first television lot with this series. It is being widely advertised. I have seen three of its programs. I regret to report that its goal of amiable, small-city Americana fails to come off. Its people are nice, dull; its situations inconsequential; its comic insights neither true life nor good art. The Eastman Kodak color film is beautiful. Each shot is lined up as an effective piece of color photography. And the commercials, dealing as they do with the sure-fire world of families and of children growing up and caught in still or motion pictures, are affecting to watch. They have me seriously considering the purchase of a movie Brownie.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

## MUSIC TO MY EARS

# "Arabella" Comes to the Met

HAVING fared reasonably well with the production of such "new" operas as "Cosi fan tutte," "Don Carlo," "Fledermaus," and "Andrea Chenier," Rudolf Bing took a firm hold on his productive lapels and stood sponsor for the American premiere of Richard Strauss's "Arabella" (dating to 1933) early in February. Despite the *canard* that Strauss did not write a really playable or singable note in his later years—who, in this theory, wrote the magnificent "Metamorphosen" for strings or the great "Four Last Songs" is mutely ignored — Eleanor Steber, Hilde Gueden, George London, and an excellent cast knowingly directed by Rudolf Kempe gave it all-out vocal belief and dramatic sincerity. The staging by Herbert Graf was of a very high order, as was the decor of Rolf Gerard.

The fundamental fact is that "Arabella" is beset by one of those recurrent confusions in art where obvious resemblances mask subtler differences. The first reaction to "Arabella" is: "How like 'Rosenkavalier' it is." The second is: "How *unlike* 'Rosenkavalier' it is." After a viewing in Germany and some attention to the dress rehearsal of the current Met offering, the question of resemblance no longer bothers me. To me "Arabella" is a distinctive work of art showing Strauss and Hofmannsthal, his great literary collaborator, in prime form as craftsmen of the musical theatre.

It is thus that "Arabella" must be evaluated, for the scale of expression, the compactness of the orchestral writing are more finely drawn than in most of their earlier efforts. To be sure, there are moments when the orchestra roars as the voices soar, but they are coolly calculated as only such a master of the genre as Strauss could contrive. Merely to hear such *expertise* in full command of a musico-dramatic problem is a joy for the opera-lover, but the charms of "Arabella" are far from mere craftsmanship.

As in the case of "Rosenkavalier," the background is Vienna, though well into the last century (Rolf Gerard's flair for this atmosphere has produced a progressively effective set of stage pictures): there is a nobleman who is trying to marry off a daughter, a female character who wears male clothes *à la* Octavian, a romantic assignation "interrupted" by the arrival of an irate suitor, ar despite all, a satisfactory embra for a curtain. Some joints of the pl creak, and others swing nicely on as oiled by Strauss's lubricating mus but a reasonable attention to Jol Gutman's excellent English text w show that Hofmannsthal worked we on Strauss's behalf in this ente prise.

Throughout the voices and orche tra have a binding relationship, wi an equal share in the development c the motives associated with vario characters. This takes some listenir to comprehend, but only a fractio really, of the effort Strauss expende on the creation. Though I am n ordinarily partial to opera in Englis it is a sound proposal here, as a wa to level one barrier between an ur familiar work of a conversation character and the audience. On th other hand, some familiarity with th text beforehand is desirable, even a one rereads "Richard III" or "Kir Lear" before viewing Shakespeare, one regards the theatre as more tha literally speaking, a pass-time.

The end of clarification was be served by George London in an Her culean demonstration of vocal powe dramatic discipline, and verbal virtu osity as the "mysterious stranger Mandryka, and by Eleanor Steber i a handsomely visualized, beautifull vocalized projection of Arabell When the musical circumstances wer favorable—and even a lighthande Strauss is still a vigorous man wit the orchestra—they were talking nc only love but sense to each othe something not too common once downbeat is given.

THE well-chosen cast offered so fin an artist as Hilde Gueden in the sec ondary but vital part of Zdenka, sis ter-in-pants to Arabella, enduring masquerade because the family coul not afford to raise two daughters i coming-out style. Considering he background (Austrian), Miss Gue den's English was clearly stated, an she sang in a way to belie the har fact that the dress rehearsal, in whic most of the principals sang full voice had occurred only the day before Ralph Herbert, as Count Waldner made an excellent impression in hi Metropolitan debut, singing reason ably well in what is essentially a

(*Continued on page* 63)

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## [. S. A. and the World

*Continued from page 15*

essive mountain of facts to demon-ate the great areas of human need at are not, and in many respects n't be, met by the medical status to.

N THE most controversial part of s book, Mr. Davis tackles the pros d cons of voluntary and compulsory alth insurance. Within forty years alth insurance coverage has spread om 1 to 55 per cent of the Ameri-n population. But this coverage ries widely in quality, quantity, d costs; only 5 per cent of the merican people enjoy comprehen-ve coverage—full hospital and med-al services. The costs, Mr. Davis inks, are generally much too high terms of benefits, often patchy, re-ived. He outlines two desirable tional health plans—compulsory alth insurance and a national health rvice such as England has. The in-rance plan, Mr. Davis believes, is ore likely to be favored in America. e discusses, soberly, the doubts not ly of the AMA but of the "lib-als" who don't oppose national alth insurance (NHI) in principle, t feel we must build up our present edical resources gradually in prepa-tion for its eventual adoption. He gues that the immediate adoption of HI offers the quickest and most fective method of raising general edical standards, that it affords the ly sound economic base for getting at job done. His arguments, though rceful and eloquent, do not now nvince this reviewer, who for years as an ardent champion of NHI. I ill believe that such a system is not ly desirable but inevitable. How-ver, after closer looks at medicine action the country over in recent ears, and deeper reflection on the uman and especially political prob-ms encompassed in a sudden change-ver, I have concluded that the cause f American health will be better rved by striving now for higher uality in medical care, and pushing r statewide experiments in com-ulsory health insurance before we raft and adopt a national system.

Differences of opinion notwith-tanding, Mr. Davis's present work, ke his scholarly productions in pre-ious years, is packed solid with fac-ual material and stimulating obser-ations. It represents, in my opinion, he best available handbook on medi-al economics, valuable not only to hysicians and other health and medi-al workers, but to laymen seeking nlightenment in this great area of uman welfare.


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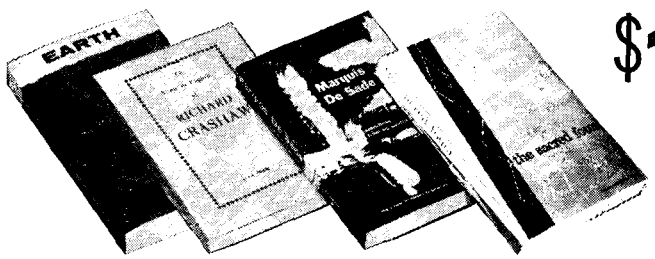


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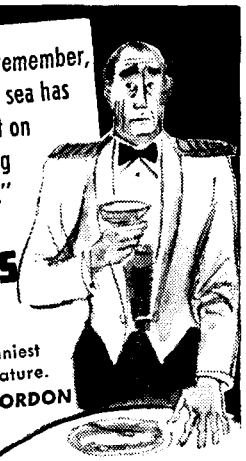

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## Writers and Writing

*Continued from page 16*

in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" are not merely delightful fantasy, but that they have a unified and developing meaning. That meaning is a child's increasing grasp of a world that at first seems entirely mad, and it culminates in Alice's ability to meet the queer monsters of the adult world on terms of equality, to assert herself, to attain her own purposes, and at last, when she says farewell to the White Knight and becomes a Queen, to sympathize and understand. Underneath the solemn prig involved in the mad feuds of the Senior Common Room there was the mature, the really mature, genius who had succeeded in comprehending the absurdities of the adult world with the inspired sanity of the child.

# The Equable Philosopher

***"The Life of David Hume," by Ernest Campbell Mossner** (University of Texas Press. 683 pp. $7.50), is a scholarly, definitive biography of the Scottish philosopher and historian. Professor Richard D. Altick of the Ohio State University, who reviews it, wrote "The Scholar Adventurers."*

By Richard D. Altick

ACCORDING to his own self-portrait, David Hume was "a man of mild dispositions, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humour, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions." Hume's contemporaries were baffled by his character: How could a skeptic (or, as many claimed, an outright atheist) be so honest, so agreeable a man, full of harmless witticisms, personally uncontentious despite the pamphlet wars which his philosophical writings stirred up? Yet Ernest Campbell Mossner's "Life of David Hume"—a fat volume, in keeping with the corpulence of its subject—substantiates every article of this description.

Hume's life was fairly uneventful. "Love of literary fame," he confessed, was his ruling passion, and in good time he achieved it, though both fame and wealth came to him by way of his highly popular history of England rather than his philosophical works. He was persecuted for his independent views in his native Scotland, and England (witness Dr. Johnson's violent abuse) was by no means converted. On the other hand, France adored him, and in 1763-1765 he enjoyed twenty-six months of unbroken adulation among the *salonnières* and savants alike. His life seems to have held no deep sorrows; probably one of the experiences which disturbed him most was his generous but disastrous attempt to arrange asylum in England for the paranoiac Rousseau.

Such being Hume's personality—equable, agreeable, and certainly unspectacular—and such being his even-tenored life, why devote over six hundred pages of biographical text to him, especially when his philosophy is dealt with only in passing? This book, I venture to predict, will be a sitting duck for the particular breed of English reviewer that seizes every chance to scold American academic scholarship as heavy-handed, humorless, and above all dedicated to losing the tree in the woods.

Mr. Mossner, who is Professor of English at the University of Texas, has specialized in Hume for the last twenty years. In addition to an earlier biography, "The Forgotten Hume," he has published some fifteen articles on his subject in the learned journals. The present volume is a triumph of minute investigation. The publishers call it "definitive," and well they may, for few if any discoverable scraps of fact relating to Hume and everyone he knew have eluded Mr. Mossner's tireless search. For many years this "Life" will serve as an indispensable mine of information for any student of Hume or of his milieu. The thoroughness of his work is attested to not only by the 600-plus pages of text, but by a fold-out genealogical chart, appendices, fifteen-page bibliography, and an index in which the entry "Hume, David" occupies fifteen small-type columns, broken down in twenty-eight subheads.

At once it should be added th Mr. Mossner's prose is superior to t sort that is generally damned, he and abroad, as "academic." He wri clearly and unpretentiously, and on only complaint on stylistic grounds that he sometimes tries to inject gratuitous air of sprightliness into pages by using an exclamation po where the good old period would just as well.

"A biographer," Sir Desmond Ma Carthy once observed, "is an art who is on oath." We may assume M Mossner's fidelity to his oath as scholar, but what about the artistr

The University of Texas Press h done itself proud in the physical pr duction of this book. From the gol on-cream binding to the full-col portraits, from the excellent paper the attractive type-page, Texas h proved that our American universi presses at their best can make boo as handsome as those of any cor mercial house.

## Laureate on a Laureat

**THE BARD'S LIFE FOR LAYMEN:** Wh Shakespeare specialists anatomize a diagnose, a general literary pract tioner can come up with a usef layman's book. John Masefield h done this in his informal study, r vised and now published as **"Willia Shakespeare"** (Macmillan, $1.75). can be recommended on sever counts, beginning with its mode pretensions, size, and price. The bri introductory sketch about Shak speare and his environment shov exemplary caution and scepticis (So little is known about the po himself that zealots find it easy promote Bacon, Oxford, and most r cently Marlowe as candidates.) The Mr. Masefield neatly discusses all th plays individually in order of the (probable) composition, with an oper ing section on the poetry and a closir one on the attributed plays.

Nothing he says is startlingly nev but as a dramatic poet he strikes o some bright insights, particularl when he deals with practical stage craft. He occasionally shows a pleas ant naivete, as when he recognize that Shakespeare "had a most merr wanton mind," and then continues "The boys who played women for hi could utter (and enjoy) a great man jokes and plays upon words tha actresses (if they understood them would refuse to speak." Such opin ions are rare; in general this is a agreeable outline of what England poet laureate thinks of England laureate poet. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

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# Russia

*Continued from page 17*

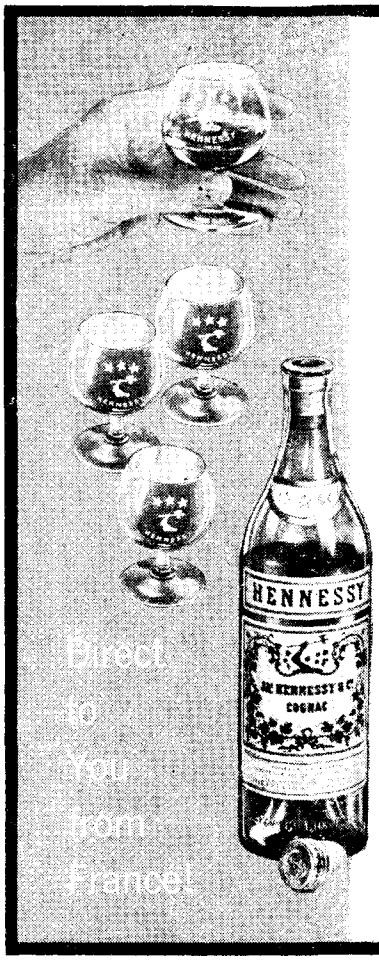
n 1946 he had met officially and so-ially Nikita Khrushchev. Mr. Krush-hev has since risen to high place in he Government. Mr. MacDuffie cabled lirect to his former acquaintance, and fter a suitable, Russian interval of ilence Mr. Khrushchev extended the ceptre in the guise of a visa and rom then on Mr. MacDuffie led a harmed life.

"The Red Carpet" is no book for eginners; it is not hammock read-ng. The author states that he made ver 900 pages of notes and that when e returned home he elaborated upon hese and presented full sets to the merican Government and to certain niversities specializing in the study f Russia. The excitement and grati-ication caused by these gifts are not ard to imagine, for "The Red Car-et" is solidly packed with pertinent nd extremely important observa-ions and information, obtained by a rained observer with a level head. his book will be examined micro-copically at high levels. MacDuffie is he McCoy.

THE subtitle of "The Red Carpet" s "10,000 Miles Through Russia on a Visa from Khrushchev." It was a tour hrough eight republics of the Soviet Jnion from Leningrad to the Chinese order. Putting aside, as one must in o short a review, all the intensely aluable and highly technical sta-istics he obtained, we find the old esidue of twice-told, yet always in-eresting material. Any association vith Russians is one long wrangle. hey ask us embarrassing questions nd do not believe our answers. We sk them embarrassing questions and lon't believe a word they say. As sual, the questions they asked Mr. MacDuffie were the four they al-ways ask: Why is America sur-ounding the USSR with military bases if she wants peace? How about the treatment of Negroes in your country? Why militarize West Ger-many? Why was not the Soviet chess team permitted to compete in tour-nament? (Since then the chess team has not only competed, it trounced our team soundly, unfortunately.) There are, of course, other questions, but these are oftenest asked.

The one word that the author heard everywhere was the word "Peace." Everywhere he went everybody said, "Let us have peace." However, our canny lawyer says, "Against the ex-pressed desire for peace is the grim readiness for war and the vicious anti-American propaganda."

Mr. MacDuffie's four-hour inter-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MORROW


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view with Nikita Khrushchev, told in detail makes exciting reading. Khrushchev seemed friendly, open, relaxed, and kind. He permitted notes to be taken at the interview and the notes to be taken away from the interview. MacDuffie's account of this conversation is a notable contribution to our records.

IN OTHER ways, too, "The Red Carpet" is unique. MacDuffie evidently calls the Russians he met by their right names and lets the chips fall where they may. Other travelers have cautiously used aliases for Russian acquaintances to avoid getting them in trouble. Then, too, Mr. MacDuffie played a hair-raising game of taking photographs for which he was constantly being arrested and detained. I can only think that this game was entirely for his own amusement (if you can call it that). Certainly the photographs themselves are not worth the hazards involved. They are not especially revealing and are frankly amateurish. Under one badly lit and lop-sided print is the caption "the author was arrested when he tried to take this picture." It's not *that* bad, but it's not good, either.

The conclusions drawn seem to be that a giant is stirring. In spite of totalitarianism and bureaucracy, the country is developing industrially and agriculturally. In spite of terrible mistakes and pitiful failures, conditions everywhere are improving. More food (in most places), better housing, people somewhat better clothed than formerly. The people, if not really happy, are at least content. Are they preparing for war? Will there be a war? Mr. MacDuffie says the talk is all of peace and yet the country is like an armed camp.

The Russians have adopted a few features of American life: billboards spoiling a scenic road; a poor imitation of our excellent Automat; here and there, under the pressure of severe housing shortage, "slums of the future" thrown up hastily.

There is one aspect of Soviet life which we seem to have allowed to take root in America. To me, the most chilling paragraph in "The Red Carpet" is on page 6. Mr. MacDuffie is describing a telephone call he got one evening in New York City. A Russian named Petrov was calling him in connection with his request for a visa to the Soviet Union. MacDuffie made an appointment for Petrov to come to his apartment the next day at ten o'clock. "I wondered a little what the FBI would think of this," writes Mr. MacDuffie, cheerfully, "but I determined to go ahead." This was not about life in the USSR. It was about life in the USA.

# Fiction

*Continued from page 13*

vived a concentration camp, is forced to conclude that all these people are hostile, even his dead Communist father, because at heart they abide by the rule of brutality. Mosca, in a final convulsion of despair, murders and joins the ranks of the "enemy."

Yet Mr. Puzo shows us the inside truth of all these figures, Americans and Germans, good and bad alike, with great compassion; and through a series of muted emotions, which are revealed very skilfully at the crucial points in the narrative, he makes them understandable and tragic. I have not had time to stress the whole panorama of postwar German life which forms the background of the novel, or the excellent scenes of Army life. I should add that the book is written in the only new language to emerge in our literature since the stylistic innovations of Hemingway. The folk language of the G.I.'s may be shocking; but it is a remarkably colorful, open, and pungent form of speech which is recorded here with great fidelity. "The Dark Arena" is impressive and illuminating.

# Notes

**QUAINT CARGO:** Tired? Rundown? Jittery? Then the Rx for you is **"The Captain's Table"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3), a zesty elixir distilled by Richard Gordon. Young Dr. Gordon is an English leech who turned from prescription pad to typewriter three novels ago, and hasn't looked back since—with good reason. His first two ventures were risible delights, and his third book is more of the same.

"The Captain's Table" follows the hesitant footsteps of Captain William Ebbs, commanding his first passenger ship after twenty-five years spent on greasy tropical freighters. The Captain's motto is: "To the true sailor passengers are merely animated cargo." But nothing in his seafaring experience could have prepared Ebbs for the human ballast aboard the luxury liner *Charlemagne,* bound from London to Sydney. Among the assortment of individualists on his baptismal cruise are a brace of alcoholics, a designing widow, two nymphomaniacs, an owner of the ship line, and six parsons. From the little girl who went about screaming "Captain's frigid!" to the married lady who persistently tried to share the Captain's slumbers—the *Charlemagne's freight* showed varieties of animation that would have been better appreciated by Krafft-Ebing than by Captain Ebbs The skipper's efforts to hang on t his job and his sanity are desperatel ingenious and very, very funny.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

**COMING OF AGE IN WALES:** In **"Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve"** (Criterion, $3) Dannie Abse has set down, in wha appear to be spontaneous bursts o recollection, a series of vignette which describe his childhood and earl youth in Cardiff, Wales. Family scenes escapades with his best chum, joust with God in a darkened synagogue and with girls in a darkened cinema—hodge-podge, hit-or-miss, down they go onto the page, the common and uncommon events in the life of a boy who bears a first-cousin likeness to William Saroyan's Aram. There is understandably, considerable unevenness. Sometimes, especially in the earlier sections, the words swoop down like swift bright birds and pounce precisely on the scene to be described or the tone to be rendered. At other times the reader's imagination is suddenly blurred by an image that seems quite inappropriate, or even meaningless. Usually, however, it is all quite fresh and written with honest gusto; and the subtle changes in mood mark the transition from the wondrous, indiscriminate curiosity of the answer-devouring child to the pained and sobered awareness of the young man who has discovered that life poses some riddles to which there are no answers. But Mr. Abse doesn't often succumb to the psychic torments of introspection frequently found in youthful autobiographical novels, and most of the book is as happy and natural as a game of tag.

—JEROME STONE.

## FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 610

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*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 609*

Fortune does not change men; it unmasks them.

—Mme. Necker.

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# Should Congress Investigate?

*Continued from page 10*

preferably the majority of the entire membership—should be present at all hearings of this nature.

IT is strange that the fundamentals of due process, deeply rooted in 300 years or more of Anglo-Saxon law, have not yet become woven into the fabric of this common proceeding. There is, after all, nothing mysterious or particularly difficult in according to a witness, whose reputation and employment are quite generally at stake, the fundamentals of those rights to which he is entitled in every trial courtroom. Those rights, moreover, are more readily invaded by a legislative committee which combines the functions—sharply separated in a true trial—of investigator, prosecutor, judge, and news commentator.

A witness should have advance notice of the purpose and scope of the investigation, clearly specified; the right to counsel of his own choosing; the right to be heard under oath on his own behalf and to file a written statement; and the right to a copy of the transcript of the hearing evidence. These are elementary rights; all of them have been denied at times by various Congressional committees.

The right of a witness under adverse inquiry to have his own counsel at his elbow during the questioning, which is generally accorded, is a weak crutch in the absence of two further rights: to be confronted in the flesh by those who have testified against him and to have his counsel cross-examine those witnesses. Now it must be conceded that in "sensitive" area cases—policy-making or access to genuinely "classified" information—under the loyalty-security program the identity of the confidential undercover security agent of the Government should not be disclosed, either to the Government employe under investigation or even to the examining committee—and hence there can be no cross-examination. The full substance, however, of the evidence offered by the confidential agent must be disclosed to the employe who is being investigated so that he may have at least that much opportunity to rebut or explain adverse evidence. No testimony from any person other than the confidential agent should be received *in absentia* or in immunity from reasonable cross-examination by counsel for the person under fire. Too many reputations have been ruined or smirched by the circuit-riding accuser who is loath to submit his integrity, his recollection, and his opinion to the test of cross-examination.

A very recent instance of abuse that has fortunately aroused widespread and vehement criticism was afforded by the House special committee headed by Representative Reece, which was delving into the supposed evils and "subversive" practices of some of the large foundations. Charges of this nature were spread upon the public record before any witnesses had been heard, but the foundations and their executives were denied hearing in rebuttal. The committee chairman closed up shop, thereby discrediting himself and the House of Representatives. The merits of these charges were never opened to debate upon the record. Another fresh example of the same kind of denial is the report of the House Un-American Activities Committee charging that "neo-fascist" and "hate" groups in the United States are breeding subversion. These groups, which were identified by name, were afforded no hearing at which they could defend themselves. Organizations which are the subject of examination, or the object of critical testimony, should have the same rights of confrontation, rebuttal, and cross-examination as individuals.

Now cross-examination, like any other art and practice, may be abused, as it was notoriously in the first Communist trial under the Smith Act in New York in 1949. There should be some limits of time imposed by the clock, and of relevancy, required by the presiding committee chairman. The Army-McCarthy hearings of last year, conducted under a set of fair hearing rules which allowed full opportunity for statements by all who were directly affected and cross-examination within a reasonable time limit, became, through abuse of cross-examination and spurious "points of order," a ridiculous exhibition of the irrelevant and the immaterial running wild for lack of a firm hand on the part of the presiding chairman. The more recent Watkins Committee of the Senate, on the other hand, operated under at least equally fair rules of procedure, firmly enforced, with resulting dignity and effectiveness. Most committees are still unwilling to accord this privilege of cross-examination.

Some of the worst abuses of recent years have been in loose disclosure of information from the committee files and in the misuse of the private "executive session" technique. The closed


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preliminary hearing is not only legitimate but often is the only proper way first to obtain useful information, confidentially. The misuse has been the deliberate leak to the press, by a member of a committee or its staff, of derogatory information about John Jones or a private citizens' committee with a high-sounding title. Such leaks are highly colored, if not deliberately garbled, bits of information obtained by the investigating committee from private informers or in the executive closed session. The leaks have been generally directed against persons who have had no advance word of the adverse information or testimony given to the committee and no opportunity to be heard. Their ensuing indignant demand for a hearing may or may not be granted. At best, their refutation or explanation comes too late to catch up with the press and radio spread of exaggeration or misinformation. Only very rarely can these persons effectively clear themselves of false or distorted charges.

The rule should be absolute that the adverse testimony against John Jones should never be made public until he has been privately furnished a copy and given the opportunity to appear, reply, and cross-examine at the same time that the adverse testimony is made public. The only exception should be as to evidence received by the committee of a possible crime; such testimony, without disclosure or rebuttal opportunity, should be transmitted through the Department of Justice to a prosecutor for presentation to a grand jury as material for a possible indictment. A committee which releases one-sided testimony of criminal content is taking to itself the function of quasi-prosecution that belongs to the executive branch of government. Committees of Congress now are subject to no effective restraint, other than their own (widely varying) sense of responsibility for cautious exercise of the power to destroy reputations and for the duty to obtain accurate unbiased information.

The Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, under the recent chairmanship of Senator Jenner, adopted and followed an excellent rule that an accusation of Communist connections made against X would not be revealed until X had the opportunity to testify in executive session, and that the accusation would not even then be revealed if he denied the charge. This followed the sound concept that a committee investigation is not a trial of any person and should not borrow its characteristics. In contrast, the House Committee on Un-American Activities has been in the past a notorious offender in its frequent releases of derogatory and unchecked information from its files.

THE choice of publicity methods and facilities presents a challenge to thoughtful judgment, the sharpest present issue being over the use of television. Does the public interest in seeing the witness on the home screen outweigh the personal sensitivity of some witnesses? The Kefauver so-called "crime" Committee shut off the television at the request of any witness; the Watkins Committee that heard the charges against Senator McCarthy suppressed it entirely. All of the Army-McCarthy hearings were televised. Much can be said for either contention and final judgment should be suspended pending further study and experience.

In the last Congress at least two broadly restricting resolutions were separately introduced into the Senate, one by Senator Bush, the other by Senator Kefauver and a group of Democratic Senators. Each of these would provide a set of formal rules to govern Senate investigating procedures and was excellent. I hope that the best features of each may be adopted by the new Senate in a single non-partisan measure. The most recent proposal by the Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration is a thoughtful consideration of the principal measures of procedural reform that have been advocated. This writer believes that the recommendations of this report, excellent in the

## Nudge

By Pearl Strachan Hurd

SOUL, drink your fill!
Never again upon this hill
Will you stand and see
A single tree
As you see it now.

For each of us begins at birth
To shape and color each his earth.
Each one journeys on his own
Under the bone,
Both where and how.

Not that yellow, not that blue,
Not a shade of any hue
Will be the same, in any flower,
After this hour.
Be ready then

For what, each moment, you embrace
Of life, of place;
Not shrinking from the strange.
Ah, what reluctant change
Forced by the when!

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ıain, do not go far enough, as, for xample, in rejecting cross-examinaion by counsel for an individual or an rganization under investigation and he subject of adverse testimony.

No rule, no code will be self-exeuting. The committee, chairman, the ıdividual member who values peronal headlines more than fairness ⁄ill always be tempted to kick over he traces, browbeat a hesitant witıess, and go free-wheeling beyond the cope of the committee mandate. Two dditional safeguards can be created nd their practical feasibility should ıe sympathetically examined. One ⁄ould be to set up a standing comnittee of Congress, or of each House, o supervise the application of any ode or formal rules adopted for ıll committees. Another protection hould be some means, perıaps by action of such a standing ommittee, by which a witness can ıbtain prompt ruling by a Federal ourt as to whether he must answer ı given question or line of inquiry ınder penalty of indictment for conempt of Congress for refusing to ınswer. In any such investigation today questions may be put to a witness ⁄hich no lawyer can with safety adıise his client to refuse without fear of ontempt proceedings.

Some of the most vociferous headiners in Congress and their supporters n private life are crying loudly that ıny measure of restraint upon a Congressional committee would undermine the investigations of Communist infiltration. This position has been championed by the *Chicago Tribune* and by some outstanding lawyers at the 1954 convention of the American Bar Association. I believe there is no merit in the argument that investigation cannot be effectively conducted under rules of fair procedure without interfering with the search into Communism—or into any other subject.

There is, happily, a growing awareness within Congress of the need for a large measure of reform. Some of the committees which in the past have been the worst offenders now either have rules of their own or at least exercise greater restraint. The House Un-American Activities Committee, for example, now discloses hearsay material from its voluminous files only to other members of Congress, instead of, as formerly, to anyone who wrote in a request. Robert Morris, now a New York City Judge and formerly counsel to the Senate McCarran-Jenner Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, did much to improve the quality of that Committee's operating methods. Representatives of both parties in each House are vigorously demanding the rule of law, which is long overdue. The citizen, after all, is not a cog in the machinery of state.


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*(Continued on page 32)*

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(Continued from page 31)

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1092

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| One who loves God. | 151 88 69 125 133 17 12 135 41 110 119 |
| Concomitant of being "bothered" (2 wds.). | 19 27 70 101 32 50 |
| Masculine proper name meaning Word A. | 115 120 9 160 68 63 24 42 2 57 |
| Interjection of mild reproof (comp.). | 179 174 4 8 122 142 |
| Novel by Frank Norris, 1901, about wheat, preceding "The Pit." | 79 11 53 167 112 23 72 |
| Earliest name for Cambridge, Mass. (2 wds.). | 22 30 98 37 73 40 49 64 |
| Copious oil-producer. | 158 161 76 106 48 33 |
| Principal Jap base in the Ryukyus, World War II. | 109 47 75 164 93 15 52 |
| The "sick" creature "at low tide" to which the convalescent Louisa Alcott likened herself. | 35 172 77 118 96 90 |
| Serious disease caused by the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus. | 171 156 66 116 150 124 81 94 141 5 |
| Baseball's "Player of the Year" 1954. | 74 55 39 6 |
| Stadium where Maryland's football team of 1954 finally bit the dust (2 wds.). | 111 104 117 139 123 170 84 173 146 43 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| M. Hebrew letter which, as a numeral, stands for 200. | 166 86 137 18 |
| N. Channels for employing antiquated gadgets (2 wds.). | 132 140 45 85 97 21 131 |
| O. Teutonic princess who slew Attila the night of their marriage. | 126 155 78 180 162 28 |
| P. What R.L.S. wore in the Marquesas (2 wds.). | 60 147 134 82 80 103 176 145 26 3 71 |
| Q. Father of present King of Iraq, killed in auto accident 1939. | 20 92 10 154 107 |
| R. Gum resin valued in the East (obtained from tree, *Commiphora abyssinica*). | 83 114 175 65 102 |
| S. Said of anything which obstructs progress (3 wds.). | 58 181 100 113 128 129 44 138 |
| T. Specifying certain drugs used in combating harmful bacteria. | 148 67 168 105 51 136 |
| U. Specifying the enforcement body of the UN. | 178 36 91 152 14 149 165 159 |
| V. The Zionist leader who founded Tel Aviv, 1906. | 87 99 153 13 25 95 59 31 127 |
| W. Transmogrified St. Louis Browns. | 163 38 61 121 108 177 56 |
| X. Mayor Madeleine's real surname. | 29 130 169 1 144 7 157 |
| Y. Season of Twelfthtide. | 89 34 16 54 143 46 62 182 |

## DIRECTIONS

*o solve this puzzle you ust guess twenty-odd ORDS, the definitions f which are given in the olumn headed DEFINI-IONS. Alongside each efinition, there is a row f dashes—one for each tter in the required ord. When you have uessed a word, write it n the dashes, and also rite each letter in the orrespondingly numbered quare of the puzzle iagram. . . . When the quares are all filled in, ou will find that you ave completed a quota-ion from some published ork. If read up and own, the letters in the iagram have no mean-ng. . . . Black squares ndicate ends of words; f there is no black square t the right side of the iagram, the word carries ver to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS re filled in, their initial etters spell the name of he author and the title f the piece from which he quotation has been aken. Of great help to he solver are this acrostic eature and the relative hapes of words in the iagram as they develop. Authority for spellings nd definitions is Web-ter's New International Dictionary, Second Edi-ion.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 X | 2 C | 3 P | 4 D | ■ | 5 J | 6 K | ■ | 7 X | ■ | 8 D | 9 C | 10 Q | 11 E | 12 A | 13 V | 14 U |
| ■ | 15 H | 16 Y | 17 A | 18 M | ■ | 19 B | ■ | 20 Q | 21 N | 22 F | 23 E | 24 C | 25 V | 26 P | ■ | 27 B |
| 28 O | 29 X | 30 F | ■ | 31 V | 32 B | 33 G | ■ | 34 Y | 35 I | 36 U | 37 F | 38 W | 39 K | ■ | 40 F | 41 A |
| 42 C | 43 L | ■ | 44 S | 45 N | 46 Y | 47 H | 48 G | 49 F | ■ | 50 B | 51 T | 52 H | 53 E | ■ | 54 Y | 55 K |
| 56 W | 57 C | 58 S | 59 V | 60 P | ■ | 61 W | 62 Y | ■ | 63 C | 64 F | 65 R | ■ | 66 J | 67 T | 68 C | 69 A |
| 70 B | 71 P | ■ | 72 E | 73 F | ■ | 74 K | 75 H | 76 G | 77 I | ■ | 78 O | 79 E | 80 P | 81 J | ■ | 82 P |
| 83 R | 84 L | 85 N | 86 M | 87 V | ■ | 88 A | 89 Y | 90 I | ■ | 91 U | 92 Q | 93 H | 94 J | 95 V | 96 I | 97 N |
| ■ | 98 F | 99 V | 100 S | 101 B | ■ | 102 R | 103 P | 104 L | ■ | 105 T | 106 G | 107 Q | 108 W | 109 H | 110 A | 111 L |
| 112 E | 113 S | 114 R | ■ | 115 C | 116 J | 117 L | 118 I | ■ | 119 A | 120 C | 121 W | 122 D | 123 L | 124 J | ■ | 125 A |
| 126 O | 127 V | 128 S | ■ | 129 S | 130 X | 131 N | ■ | 132 N | 133 A | 134 P | ■ | 135 A | 136 T | 137 M | 138 S | ■ |
| 139 L | 140 N | 141 J | 142 D | 143 Y | 144 X | 145 P | ■ | 146 L | 147 P | 148 T | ■ | 149 U | 150 J | ■ | 151 A | 152 U |
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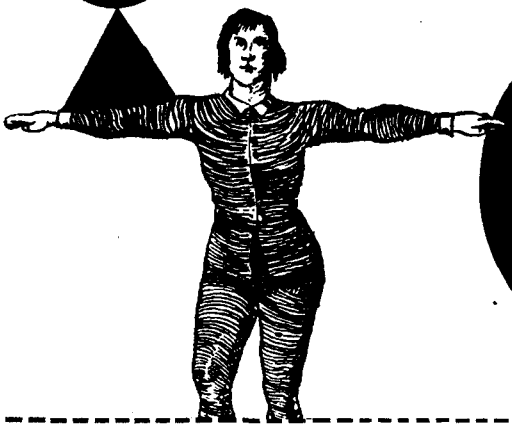

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# THE FEELING MONEY CAN'T BUY

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

IT HAS long been fun among the more alert members of the adult population to regard popular music—a loose term embracing all the music in this country that is not jazz, classical, folk, or religious, and that is Eddie Fisher, Ernie Tubb, "Doggie in the Window," and Ray Anthony—as a kind of incredible, but tolerable subart. Yet, the uncomfortably huge sales figures of popular records are responsible for the fact that the recording industry as a whole is economically more robust and sure-eyed than ever before—a condition which provides the cash margin for such nearly altruistic acts as $40,000 operatic dates, and $5,000 jazz dates.

Much of the credit, or criticism, for the dinosauric size of the popular record market—an estimated 170 million popular records of all speeds were sold in this country in 1954—must go to the handful of so-called "a. and r." (artists and repertory) men who have become the guidons of the big popular record firms in the past seven or eight years, and, as such, manifest a combination of talents that would have made a Renaissance man lyric with admiration.

During the brightest days of the big band business (1940-45), however, most a. and r. men were rough-hewn souls who had a sense of the dollar, but usually did not know the difference between a downbeat and a metronome (save as magazines). They also had little knowledge of the potentially sheeplike tastes of the popular record buying public. As a result, they usually left the niceties, musical and otherwise, of making and marketing popular records pretty much up to the bandleader, who was often equipped with a staggering array of writers, arrangers, and publicity men. Now, however, with big bands replaced by singers, vocal groups, novelty groups, and small instrumental combinations, and with the psychology of the average record purchaser charted on the wall, the successful a. and r. man has by necessity become a remarkable polyglot of business man, personnel director, talent scout, conductor, lyric writer, soothsayer, psychologist, and diplomat.

One of the most respected and at the same time least known a. and r. men in the popular record industry today is Milton Gabler (pronounced abler), the forty-three-year-old chief of popular recording at Decca Records. Gabler, who was born in New York the eldest of the six children of an American mother and an Austrian father, has been moving steadily, if somewhat obliquely, toward his present position since 1926, when, after taking a couple of business courses at CCNY, he went to work in the family hardware store. A few years later, upon discovering that the heart of the true hardware man was not in him, he moved over to a radio repair shop on East 42nd Street which his father also owned, and by 1931 was

*—Kaiden-Kazanjian.*

"1954 was Milt's year."

in charge of it. During the next ten years Gabler turned the Commodore Music Shop into a world-famous center for jazz record collectors. It did not go into the black until 1941, and was some $20,000 in debt in 1937. Midway in this period, nonetheless, Gabler founded the Commodore Record Company, the first record label devoted exclusively to jazz records. In 1941 he organized the memorable series of Sunday afternoon jam sessions at Jimmy Ryan's nightclub on West 52nd Street, and in the same year was hired by Decca to classify a sizable collection of jazz records the company had purchased from Warner Brothers.

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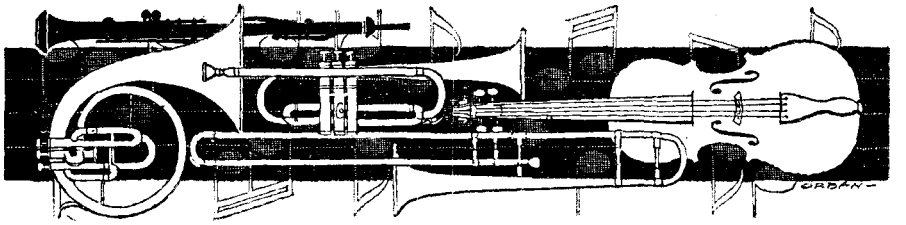
abler now remembers the next five ears with both awe and affection, for is weekday schedule usually involved quick morning stop at the store, a ull day's work at Decca, and the vening spent in nightclubs looking for ecordable jazz talent. "One morning 1946," Gabler said not long ago, "I oke up after my usual four hours of eep and there was my little girl. She as beautiful. I think it was the first me I had ever noticed how she ooked. I decided then and there was going to be family or business? I as also practically an alcoholic. Not eally, but when I listen to music I ke to drink. I can't help it. So I quit ie shop, and that was that—just like losing a door."

Although today's a. and r. man is a elatively new order of being in the ntertainment world, he has already arned the reputation—through the hrewd posturings of a few of his umber—of being an excessive type vho writes music criticism, plays the oboe, clarinet, or English horn, affects beard, has rich tastes, controls his lomain like a feudal lord, and is, all n all, a wholehearted eccentric. Gaber, however, moves cheerfully and lmost inconspicuously through this erpsichoric haze, as though he were n apprentice plumber attending his irst convention. A short, stoutish, leanshaven man who carries his extra veight lightly, Gabler does not know ow to read a note of music, dresses n quiet suits, and smokes a pipe as well as cigars—a heretical depar- ure in a business where one's brand of cigar is often tantamount to a family crest. Full-face he looks rather ike a worried moon, and in profile startlingly like a well-fed Julius Caesar. Most of the time he speaks in a deliberate, furry voice, his sentences marching forth like a string of comfortable, rangy sheep dogs. This pallid exterior and almost plodding deportment are deceptive, though, for Gabler knows the value of dynamics and can erupt without warning into bouncing laughter of fast, loud talking. There are times, too, when Gabler's equilibrium slips, and he is likely to say, his voice solider than ever: "This business is a treadmill. It drives me crazy. It's night and day, night and day. I get no rest at all. But once it gets in your blood, you're a dead man."

Gabler has five assistants, here and on the West Coast, who try to keep his spirits at the proper boil, and who also work with him over songs, direct occasional recording dates, and in general act as right hand men. In spite of such help, Gabler often puts in a fourteen- or fifteen-hour day. Last summer, when he was getting together Decca's mammoth Bing Crosby album, which has five twelve-inch LPs, eighty-nine



selections, and sells for $27.50, and which was designed to enmonument Crosby's career as a singer as well as to celebrate Decca's twentieth anniversary, Gabler returned from his vacation to work in straight shifts of ten and seventeen hours to edit the tape for the album before it was transferred to records. (It has become common practice in all areas of recorded music to edit the clinks and bloopers out of a tape after a date. Thus, the average popular record of today is a kind of cinematic patchwork that may be made up of the best of several different "takes" made over the period of a week. Tape editing, which requires considerable skill, is the newest stock-in-trade of the a. and r. man.) Gabler does not dwell on such heroic feats as his tape-editing marathon, though, and is more apt to tell people with a great deal of laughter what Crosby said about the selling price of the album. "When I told him it would cost $27.50," Gabler says, "Bing whistled and said, 'Milt, you know they can send you boys to jail for that, don't you?' "

In 1954 Gabler was directly or indirectly responsible for some 250 of the 350 or so popular records Decca released. He supervised about 115 recording sessions, 101 of which were held in Decca's New York studios, and the remainder in Hollywood and Chicago. The result of this Bunyanlike activity is that Gabler had a hand in selling more popular records during this time than any other a. and r. man in the business. (It is generally acknowledged in the trade that 1954 was "Milt's year.") He had thirteen hit records, each of which sold from two hundred thousand to a million and a half copies. (A popular record becomes an unofficial hit when it is listed after approximately two hundred thousand sales in the weekly bestseller list in *Billboard*, the thermometer of the record industry.) Roughly, therefore, Gabler was at least partially responsible for about one-seventeenth of all the popular records purchased last year in this country.

WHEN he is not directing a record session, or traveling around the country to inject vitamins into an artist—he has fifty under contract—who has not had a hit for a year, or who has grown rich and languid, Gabler listens to new songs, which are performed for him in his office on three days out of a typical week by dozens of exuberant music publishers, or are sent to him in the form of sheet music and demonstration records from all over the country by artists, songwriters, agents, and Decca distribution men. In a heavy week Gabler is sometimes at the receiving end of from 200 to 250 new songs, about half as many having already been screened out by his assistants. Choosing songs for a possible recording date is perhaps the edgiest part of Gabler's job, for it is here that he must put into play the mystical blend of experience, intuition, and plain aural acuity that will tell him if a song is worth a gamble or not. Gabler feels that it is the song, rather than its performer or arrangement, that makes a hit record. He ranks the arrangement next in importance, and the performer last, although he is willing to grant that a record can become a hit because of some twist in the arrangement, or because of the way a singer happens to turn a phrase. "A good song has got to have a melody you can remember in any crowd," he said recently. "But the melody is seldom more important than the lyrics. Lyrics stick, for me anyway after the melody has faded. And lyrics, to be any good, have to be in words the man in the street uses. Even if it's bad grammar. I rewrote a line in a song recently so that it went, 'Say I look nice when I'm not.' That's terrible grammar, but people talk that way."

After Gabler has decided on a song, he must choose an artist who he feels can handle it better than anyone else. In discussing this, he has said: "Every song immediately types itself in my mind: a slow ballad of a certain sort—plenty of strings and Victor Young; an up tempo ballad—Bing Crosby and maybe a dixieland outfit behind him; a rhythm and blues number—Bill Haley and his Comets. A song has a certain harmonic sound due to the chord structure. Only certain people can handle that harmonic sound."

Gabler isn't sure how much he and his fellow a. and r. men have to do with shaping public taste, but he feels that the record buying public is occasionally ripe for guidance. Because of this, he frequently mentions the fifteen years he spent behind a record counter as an experience that gave

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# On Listening to Liszt

By ABRAM CHASINS

OUR musical world is rich in fallacies, great fallacies which remain ubiquitous and retain their stranglehold on truth because of the numbers and the prestige of those who exemplify, publish, and cultivate them. Among such contributions to musical mythology, for instance, is the legend that a great Liszt interpretation is primarily a feat of virtuosity, whereas a great Brahms interpretation is chiefly the triumph of musicianship.

The reverse is closer to the truth, although it is far from the whole truth; nothing is more inartistic than to sacrifice any fundamental element wholly for another. Where many elements are present, artistry begins when they are indissolubly blended. Liszt's indigenously pianistic compositions indeed require virtuosity, but of that high order which is entirely subordinate to supreme refinement and expressive power; otherwise his pensive music emerges inane and his dramatic music merely theatrical or with a sound not unlike that of a glass chandelier in vibration. Conversely, the thorny mechanistics of Brahms's music require a technician of the first order to bring charm and lucidity to the graceful works, vitality and thematic significance to the large ones.

The irresponsible have led the unwary into another trap; the correct thing to say these days is that Liszt's actual contributions to music lay in his clever but unsubstantial ideas which were turned to account by "really great men, you know," and in his wholehearted battles on behalf of others and their music. Don't believe a word of it.

Of course, all of us have the right, even the obligation, to say what we like and what we don't like, but we should avoid regarding our reactions as Esthetic Truth, particularly if we happen to be the kind who can spot a vulgarity or a carelessness in a man's music without possessing the capacity to recognize its overall magic. Liszt's music has not only magic, but its own unique magic, and the best of it is eminently the best of its kind. Its kind happens to be melodrama, and its finest achievements disclose an opulent imagination, inexhaustible resource, and the ripest of experience.

Liszt's programmistic leanings encourage still another fallacy, the one which considers music that seeks to describe things and events outside of itself as necessarily lesser music than absolute music. We needn't become involved in the old argument beyond saying that the use of appropriate titles, even in absolute music, is not to be snobbishly despised. Liszt's illustrative compositions, like those of other composers, are neither strengthened nor weakened by their titles or stories.

Naturally Liszt wrote program music; a man of his literary taste and general erudition would inevitably react to the stimulus of a poem or a picture. Besides, we ought have no difficulty in determining whether music is good or bad without reference to some "program" to which it does or doesn't adhere. Liszt demonstrated that he was able to tell some pretty exciting tales in non-program music such as the piano concertos, the B minor Sonata, and other works. In any event, this element assumes unimportance in the piano compositions compared to Liszt's pre-eminence in discovering and extending the fullest possibilities of keyboard sonority and device.

In Liszt, artist and man were closely allied. Both had dramatic ferocity and the sweet caress. Both assisted the cause of musicians and their music with a magnanimity without parallel in musical history. Passion, intellectuality, grandeur, and tenderness—all and more belonged to the composer, transcriber, performer, conductor, teacher, writer, fighter, perpetual Don Juan, and itinerant son of the Church. Largesse was his blessing and his cross. He gave too much: of himself, his art, his possessions, and he wrote far too many compositions. Of his almost 700 works, only a handful remain in the standard concert repertory and practically all of these are to be found in the piano literature.

Few, therefore, are the pianists who do not play some Liszt. In this connection we are led to another commonly held fallacy, that piano techniques come a dime a dozen in our time, that easy virtuosity is the *plat du jour* of current concert menus. I have a private notion that this idea has been accepted because there is so little emotional intensity around, so little color and communication, that the average listener follows the average performer in his preoccupatio with digital matters.

Actually, the kind of virtuosit which uses rather than abuses it function is as rare today as it eve was. And to find it together with burning temperament and a scholarl musicianship is to come upon genius It may be a merciless norm for eval uation, but it seems inescapable tha little or no less is required for th perfect realization of masterpieces and those of Liszt are no exception His music has always presented a inspiration and a challenge to th pianist.

The largest recent project in Lisz recordings emanates from Westminster, which present pianist Edith Farnadi of Budapest. At hand are fou LP discs of solo works containing the nineteen published "Hungarian Rhapsodies," the B minor Sonata "Mephisto Waltz," "Valse Impromptu," "Rhapsodie Espagnole," and six "Consolations."

As for the Rhapsodies, the firs fifteen are those found in most editions; the last four are virtually unplayed and for not too mysterious reasons. For me, only the nineteenth is effectively characteristic. Among those weak sisters known as "Consolations," only the last one furnishes some consolation in bearing a family resemblance to Liszt's regal profile.

Miss Farnadi has a singing tone and a sensitive measure of grace and color. She also has temperament which paradoxically works to her disadvantage here, because she lacks the degree of bravura, rhythmic stability and mechanical discipline to sustain it.

Something tells me that she herself does not pretend to be a Liszt specialist, that she is a pawn in the all-in-one game being played between the record companies and the customers, now all the rage. The "something" which tells me this is that so talented an artist would ordinarily prefer to avoid a literature in which she is compelled (by a small-sized hand, I suspect,) to simplify one passage after another in one piece after another. Nor would an artist of her tasteful intelligence willingly tackle works like the Second, Sixth, Twelfth, and Fifteenth Rhapsodies, "Rhapsodie Espagnole," and "Mephisto Waltz" which so tax her that she loses brio, accuracy, and shape before they end.

The already formidable demands of

(*Continued on page* 47)

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***Paul Hume—Saturday Review of Literature, January***

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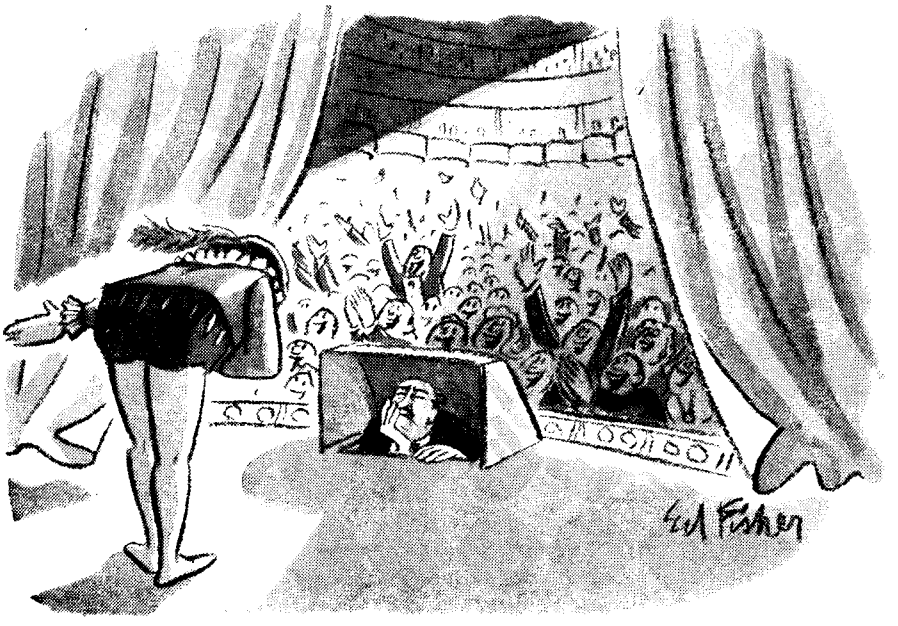


# Tebaldi Up to Date

By VICTOR SEROFF

IT IS not too often that a writer can look back over nine years and find a prediction verified by events. Thus, a recent reunion in New York with Renata Tebaldi, the Met's newest soprano sensation, was a special pleasure for me, and I hope for her, too. In 1946 I had written from Milan that this then youthful, internationally unknown, soprano would have a triumph if and when she came to New York.

We had met during that summer when she was "the talk of the town." She was then almost twenty-five and the most striking-looking girl on the Italian stage. The tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed diva radiated so much beauty, grace, and charm that, as she went through routine answers about herself and mentioned "I am affidanzata" ("engaged"), one who would not give up his happiness for her was not a man.

"Maestro Toscanini came after the war to Milan. It was in the spring of 1946," Tebaldi relates, "and he asked the people at La Scala to send him for audition the most promising young singers. I was in Brescia and arrived among the last to sing for Maestro. The man who was calling out the names from a long list probably knew nothing about me, for he called for *Signore* Tebaldi. I sang 'La mamma morta' from 'Andrea Chenier' and then Maestro let me sing the whole last act of 'Otello.' Toscanini said, '*Brava, brava,*' and told his son Walter to take my name and address. I was chosen to participate in a concert he gave at La Scala." Among the six artists who sang the night that La Scala was "re-consecrated" after the shooting, Tebaldi was the only "new" one. She was heard in excerpts from Rossini's "Mosë."

She made her debut in Rovigo (1944) in Boïto's "Mefistofele," but the war was still on and it was no time for a career. Since then Tebaldi has sung with triumph in practically every country west of Italy, but success has not turned her head. Moreover, she does not want to be treated as a *prima donna*. Mind you, this does not mean she would encourage any familiarity or disrespect for her position as an artist. She simply is not ready for the trappings that go with it: secretaries, press conferences, interviews, pronouncements of opinions—hence the meager amount of information that she is willing to give about herself.

Renata is the only child in the Tebaldi family. Teobaldo Tebaldi, her father, teaches cello and still plays in orchestras at the Pesaro and Parma opera houses. "My mother?" Tebaldi repeats the question, "My mother is my mother. . . . All the Tebaldi are musicians even if not all are professionals," she explained. (She is devoted to her mother, who accompanies her wherever she travels.)

"I was born in Pesaro . . . you know, Rossini was born there. . . ." I waited for her to go on, for I could see her eyes light up with a faint smile at the reference to Rossi "Rossini was so lazy. . . . They us to say that he always composed r clining, either in bed or on a so and that if a sheet of music pap slipped to the floor, he would write over again, or even write somethin else, rather than exert himself to pic it up."

In her childhood Tebaldi mu often have been told this story, f she became an ardent worker. At fir she studied the piano. The famil hoped Renata would become a con cert pianist, and she studied for s years before it was discovered th she had a voice. A family council wa held. "Renata might become a conce pianist, and she might not. The what? She would be a piano teacher. They decided she should start to trai the voice, but she was too young. Sh continued her musical studies at th Conservatories in Pesaro and Parm (depending on where her father wa working), and at eighteen became pupil of Carmen Melis, formerly well-known in America as an operatic soprano. Giuseppe Pais is her only othe singing coach, who even now fro time to time "checks" on her voice Her dramatic coaching, Tebaldi says she owes mainly to Melis. Other stag directors from whom she learned a great deal include Roberto Rosselini who directed her in "Otello" i Naples; Tatyana Pavlova, with whom she worked in a production of "Eugene Onegin"; Herbert Graf, at the Roman amphitheatre in Pompeii in "Julius Caesar"; and Pierre Bertin, from Comédie Française, who staged her "Andrea Chenier." She has no favorite role in her large repertory. "They all are like my children."

"This is my first visit to New York," Tebaldi ventured. "I was here once before, in 1950, on my way to San Francisco, but it was just between planes. I like New York. This is really America. Not San Francisco. . . . San Francisco is isolated. . . . New York is very impressive." She was "impressed" by the wealth, the tempo of life, the dynamic force. "First it frightened me. I felt like an ant." "But," she went on, "I like some American ways. The women, for instance, wearing expensive fur coats and—boots on their feet and scarfs on their heads! No Italian woman would do that—she would be afraid she would not look *chic*. I like the American way. It's practical."

Tebaldi had not seen much of New York in the short time she has been here and she does not have any friends, just acquaintances—she made a point of emphasizing the meaning of the words—but when I asked if she would like to live here she said with-

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# The Voice and the Temperament

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

FOLLOWING shortly after her death in Italy, Rupert Hart-Davis has published in London "**Forsaken Altars,**" by Marguerite d'Alvarez, an almost perfect example of what the autobiography of a singer ought *not* to be. Every age has its share of neurotic, exotic, and quixotic characters, but the opening years of the twentieth century were extremely rich in this respect. Some of these unusual personalities are still with us, but the majority have passed away. A few of the names of this epoch that readily spring to mind are Gabrielle Chanel, Serge Diaghilev, Robert W. Chanler, Polaire, the elder Oscar Hammerstein, Norman Douglas, Mary Garden, Jimmie Walker, the Marchesa di Casati, Feodor Chaliapin, Mistinguette, Marcus Garvey, Mabel Dodge Luhan, D. H. Lawrence, Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, King Edward VII, the Princess Violette Murat, George Ivanovich Gurdjieff, Isadora Duncan, Alastair, Emma Goldman, Avery Hopwood, A'Lelia Walker, Sigmund Freud, Hetty Green, Will Rogers, Carrie Nation, Florenz Ziegfeld, Eva Tanguay, and GBS.

Among these (and occasionally she must have been literally *among* them) Marguerite d'Alvarez, who has left us this highly emotional autobiography (with its overtones of Bertha M. Clay and the Baron Munchausen), held her undisputed position. As a personality, it is probable that she surpassed her reputation as an artist. At any rate, it may be said justifiably that in this respect her autobiography has done herself scant justice. For example, her conversation was brilliant and inventive, studded with original figures like "angels' saliva," which signified anything that tasted good. Her use of metaphor and simile was expert and spontaneous. Her autobiography abounds in this kind of literary genius. She writes for instance, "Her teeth had quarrelled and were so separated that she lisped and private fountains, of which she did not seem at all conscious, shot out of her mouth"; "She looked at me with interest through a tortoise-shell lorgnette hanging on a silver chain, so heavy it could easily have tied a liner to the dock"; "The callboy came to fetch me and led me towards the stage, holding the tips of my fingers, so that I should not trip over the entrails of the electric lights." Anyone who has known Marguerite can recall a hundred examples as good or better. Her conversation was enriched with these figures of speech, as, indeed, her book is, but in her book she gives no indication that talking as she writes she held the occupants of many a drawing-room enthralled by her enlivening and poetic descriptions of practically anything she cared to describe.

Her enormous size limited her stage appearances. She regarded her portly figure with affection and speaks lovingly in the pages of "Forsaken Altars" of her "voluptuous hips." When she first came to America she was a huge woman, and she informed me once that as a younger girl she was even larger. I once possessed an early picture of her (now in some permanent collection) that offered proof of this statement. It pleased her to boast that she had a "line," and once when another *prima donna* with a somewhat spotty reputation urged her to lose weight she replied, not without *hauteur,* "I've needed my body so little in my career."

As a matter of fact, her "line" was so vast that it actually defeated in many instances her persistent ambition to sing in opera. It certainly limited the character of the rôles she sang. Her operatic appearances were so infrequent, indeed, that she never really mastered her few stage rôles. So far as I can discover, she never "created" a rôle in opera and seldom, if ever, sang a hitherto unsung song. Her voice was magnificent and rolled out like the waves of a mighty ocean, but her stage action was conventional.

She does not mention many of her opera rôles in her book, but I can testify that in New York she sang Fides in "Le Prophète" (in which she made her American début), Herodias in "Herodiade," Dalila in "Samson et Dalila," and Jean's mother in "Sapho." She was not heard here as "Carmen" and her records do not give evidence that she was as great in this part as her personal opinion would indicate. Her repertory elsewhere included occasional appearances as Azucena, the Mother in "Louise," Amneris, Carmela in "The Jewels of the Madonna," and Laura in "La Gioconda." It is even possible she may have sung Genevieve in "Pelléas et Mélisande" in Boston or Chicago. She appeared in many of the best-known operatic theatres, but usually of short duration.

ALTHOUGH she devotes only a few pages of her book to her career on the concert stage, she was much more successful in this branch of her career. However, even here, she exaggerated her emotions; she made unfortunate gestures and forced her voice until she sang sharp. These were faults of temperament. She had other faults of taste and sometimes sang modern English ballads which scarcely measured up to the art songs in her repertory. Paradoxically, her best singing occurred when she attempted the most difficult music. The high spots in her programs were songs like "La Chevelure" from Debussy's "Chansons de Bilitis" or "De Fleurs" from his "Proses Lyriques." Occasionally she sang both suites in their entirety. Her Spanish songs were another electrical experience for the auditor. True, she made too many gestures for so large a woman, but her style was faithfully *flamenco,* and she tore her throat to pieces in guttural fashion after the manner of the gipsies, as they sing by will and main force (rather than through education and the study of *vocalises*). She was most compelling on these two grounds. On the opera stage she lacked true passion and fire, but in the concert hall she lacked restraint and became elemental. She does not refer, in her book, to a concert of popular music which she attempted with George Gershwin at the piano.

She was indubitably beautiful, in a noble, tragic, Spanish way. At her best her massive appearance gave her a Rubensesque quality. She dressed in excellent taste and frequently with unconventional genius. Cooking was one of her most attractive habits, usually something with rice and olive oil. For her most amusing moments an audience was required; any kind of competition or divided attention irritated her, but I do not believe she was unique in this regard. Beginning with her first year in America, when I saw her nearly every day, I have spent many fascinating hours in her company, and my wife and I frequently invited her to come to our apartment when we wished to give guests a special treat. Marguerite was *sui generis;* you were obliged to accept her as you found her, but many were enchanted to do so.

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# Recordings in Review

## Backhaus in Carnegie

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas op. 13, 31, No. 2, 79, 81a, and 111, plus encores. Wilhelm Backhaus, piano.* London LL-1108-9, $7.96.

**ONE BY ONE,** a series of discs are accumulating that mark some of the very high points in the contemporary history of Carnegie Hall, going back to January 16, 1938 (the occasion of the Goodman jazz concert), and coming forward now to March 30 of last year, when Wilhelm Backhaus was the tenant. As was read on the faces of those present and in the press the next day, this was a significant evening of piano playing—but gone forever.

Thanks to London's enterprise, however, it is now available to all, and, on reacquaintance, no less gratifying than at initial impact. Taking the events as they occurred, the level of communication is high from the very start; but, in his playing of the op. 79 (a G major work not much favored save by the most knowing of Beethoven pianists) Backhaus attained an ease and freedom, plus the impulse derived from a sympathetic audience, to make this one of the notable accomplishments of his career.

A measure of that accomplishment may be sensed in the attention of the audience which, without any prompting or awareness that a recording was in progress, is mutely enraptured for pages at a time. And for those who were not able to stay for the encores, a choice sequence is provided—the A flat Impromptu of Schubert, Schumann's "Warum," the Liszt version of Schubert's "Soirée de Vienne" No. 6, and the C major (op. 119, No. 3) "Intermezzo" of Brahms. In each, Backhaus's command of phrase and period, sentence and paragraph make him as eloquent an interpreter of their smaller structure as the larger ones of Beethoven. Indeed such a performance as he gives of "Warum" hasn't been heard here since Gabrilowitsch-Rosenthal-Hofmann days. The processing throughout is superb, with a real Carnegie Hall resonance and enough applause to give one a sense of actuality.

**Boito—"tremendous illustrative canvas."**

## Oddities a la Maestro

GLUCK: *"Orfeo" (Act II). Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra, with Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano, and Barbara Gibson, soprano.* RCA Victor LM-1850, $3.98.

BOITO: *"Mefistofele" (Prologue). The same, with Nicola Moscona basso, and the Columbus Boychoir.* VERDI: *Te Deum, with the Robert Shaw Chorale.* RCA Victor LM-1849, $3.98.

**THOSE WHO MIGHT** have been wondering, at this late February date, what has been amiss with our musical life this winter will find a sharp reminder in the appearance of these two superb recordings. They bring to mind the melancholy fact that for the first time in the mature life of many of us such events are not a weekly promise, or the anticipation of them a seasonal blessing.

Perhaps one should have thought of that in connection with earlier Toscanini releases of this solstice, so to speak, but symphonies and tone poems are always with us. Who is doing things such as the "Mefistofele" prologue with its tremendous illustrative canvas, or the "Te Deum" with its arch of voices rising in almost visible symbolism? Such choral singing as he draws from the pure spring of sound that is the Columbus Boychoir or from the deeper well of the Shaw Chorale is, in an ordained sequence of the metaphor, refreshing to the mind as well as the ear. Moscona's dark resonance is just the color wanted in the music of Mefistofele.

As for the "Orfeo," it is a seminar on the classic style, delivered with that singular blend of restraint and emphasis which Toscanini mastered better, perhaps, than any interpreter of his time. The "Furies" are one order of being, with a tonal timbre of their own, the "Happy Spirits" in another world of sound as well as mythological significance. Some may question the dry sound of the NBC strings on side one, a consequence probably of the fact that the microphone set-up was that used for the broadcast, and more suitable to total effect than detail.

As Orfeo, Miss Merriman fulfils the Toscanini requirements with a spirit and intelligence that have given her an outstanding position among American singers of today. The tone is not always firmly focused at the beginning, but these blemishes aside, it is remarkably apt for Gluck's writing, with the wanted impact in "Furie!" and a luminous flow in "Che puro ciel" (How pure a light") that makes one regret that the version doesn't go on to include "Che faro." Barbara Gibson's clean sound is a little thin for the Blessed Spirit, but steadier here than it was in the broadcast (the disc is a composite of rehearsal and broadcast). While credits are being dispensed, there should be mention of Paolo Rienzi, Jr., whose playing of the famous flute solo in the dance of the Blessed Spirits is notably fine.

## Ach du Liebermann!

LIEBERMANN: *Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra.*

STRAUSS: *"Don Juan." Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, assisted by the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM-1888, $3.98.

**COMBINING** a jazz band, as "concertino," in a kind of concerto grosso with a symphony orchestra is one of those "natural" ideas which has doubtless tempted many contemporaries prior to the Swiss Rolf Liebermann. Being tempted by an idea, however, and succumbing to it are two different things, for along the way there must come a judgment as to purpose and the possible, likely results, since the procedures and esthetic values involved are so wholly contradictory, whatever the individual merit of each mode of expression.

I am not one to argue against artistic synthesis wherever possible, but it strikes me that Liebermann has one advantage over our American composers who might have been tempted by the idea and rejected it: a lack of orientation to jazz, an utter innocence of what is genuine and phony in its vocabulary—hence, a capacity to proceed, blithely with a whole thesaurus of cliches, riffs, breaks, etc., which may sound like jazz in *Mitteleuropa* but hardly in—of all places—Chicago.

It is a kind of irony that the Sauter-Finegan band should be called upon to give all in this cause, for between them Eddie Sauter and Bill Finegan have forgotten more about jazz than Liebermann will ever know. Generi-

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ally, the sections are described as jump," "blues," and "boogie-woogie," with a concluding "mambo" that has more movement than most of the preceding, thanks to liberal borrowings from the rhythmic repertory of G. Krupa, D. Tough, B. Rich, and other illustrious skinbeaters. It merely proves again what a thing Benny Goodman had in "Sing Sing Sing."

Reiner does what is required of him here with typical flair, though without seeing the score it would be difficult to know just what his functions are. There can be no similar doubts about the associated performance of "Don Juan," which is orchestral virtuosity of a high order. However, there are some notably fine versions presently at large in the names of Toscanini, Walter, and Krauss.

### Classic in Crash

ANTHIEL: *"Ballet Mécanique." Carlos Surinach conducting the New York Percussion Group.*

BRANT: *"Signs and Alarms," Galaxy 2. Henry Brant conducting a chamber ensemble.* Columbia ML 4956, $3.98.

**THERE IS NOTHING** quite like being a prophetic voice of a new manner, even if the manner had not been discovered at the time the voice was raised. The instant reaction, after hearing but a few minutes of this recording of 'Ballet Mécanique," is that what Antheil was writing back there in 1924 was music for the audiophile—which is to say, a perfect medium for high-fidelity recording techniques.

If, in conveying this information to its public, Columbia creates a demand for more of the same, Antheil's productivity could doubtless produce more clatter, crash, and clang with which to document, as he writes in an accompanying note, that "Ballet Mécanique" uses "a new method of musical engineering. . . ." and is "closely aligned to the introduction of the 'cantilever' principle in modern architecture." In any case, as Antheil endorses Surinach's direction as "according to my every original idea of it," all who wish may now do their historical homework in tone rather than merely reading up on it.

Brant's "Signs and Alarms" is one of those excruciating items in which nobody knows what is going on, least of all the players of the piccolo, clarinet, horn, trumpet, trombone, tuba, timpani, and assorted bar-goods (glockenspiel, xylophone, and marimba) involved. Doubtless the V-I indicator on the recording instrument did a fascinating dance while this was being set down. That might be more worth looking at than this is worth listening to. The sound, unfortunately, is extremely clear.

# Operas Anonymous

ONE of the popular pastimes of the earlier Forties—trying to identify the singers, some reputedly well-known, who took part in an anonymous series of opera recordings distributed by newspapers as circulation stimulants in many parts of the country (in New York it was the pre-Schiff *Post*)—has been revived with the transfer to the Camden label of a substantial sequence of the original. Now much better in sound, and without the noisy surfaces of old, they are cheap at $1.98, whether one wants them merely for listening or for playing the game.

To take them sequentially, Volume 1 is CAL-221, with the two sides divided between excerpts from "Carmen" and "Faust." Unlike excerpts in more conventional opera series, it is rarely possible to anticipate what will come next. Here we begin with an instrumental prelude (not *the* prelude) and skip Act I to arrive at the "Chanson bohème," clearly, cleanly sung, but not in a readily recognizable voice. That it goes from there back to the "Seguidilla" of Act I is but an incident, as a refreshing new way of getting to the "Toreador Song." This is likewise well sung, with a virility of sound that might belong to Robert Weede, though I am not that suspicious. It would surprise me, however, were the conductor not Wilfred Pelletier, and I doubt that George Cehanovsky could disguise his voice in any version of the Quintet, which follows. José does not appear until the final act, which gives you some idea of the trend of this Carmen. Who he is, perhaps admirers of Armand Tokatyan can guess.

The "Faust" side is more regular in its sequence, and the auspices (Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and chorus) seem to be the same. The sizable voice of Mephistopheles might well be that of a sizable bass-baritone of the time, the amiable Norman Cordon of North Carolina, and the tenor again has a Tokatyanish sound. And if you wish a reminiscence of the way the young Eleanor Steber sounded, lend an ear to the Marguerite, with some really velvety phrases.

It would be spoiling the game for the many potential players to detail everything, as in the "Bohème" and "Butterfly" excerpts on CAL-222, though the lively soprano of that period named Annemarie Dickey is brought to mind in some portions of "Bohème" and the Marcello is either the pre-Metropolitan Leonard Warren or a pretender to the same kind of vocal power. Few "Butterflies" of recent times have sung the entrance music more beautifully than this one, with a climaxing D of ringing purity. Miss Steber, of course, also made a later recording for Columbia, though she has never sung the part at the Met.

Volume 3 introduces us to the interesting territory of Wagner, with one side each for "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" (CAL-223). Identifying the conductor from performance alone would be an absurd presumption, but I have heard the name of William Steinberg (then Hans Wilhelm) associated with this disc and the succeeding ones devoted to "Tristan" (the whole of CAL-224), also a side of "Figaro," which shares Volume 7 (CAL-227) with excerpts from "Traviata." Both the Elsa and Elisabeth seem to be the same soprano steeped in the influence of Lotte Lehmann, which recalls that 1940 was just about the time that Rose Bampton was undertaking these roles. Cordon could well be among those present (as King Henry) and the Lohengrin rings some aural bells suggestive of Arthur Carron, a long "promising" member of the company in the Johnson period.

THE "Tristan" disc is one of the most interesting of the series, primarily for the direction (a credit to Steinberg, if it is indeed he), the strong if not always controlled singing of Carron, and the quality in the voice of the Isolde. Which of several big-voiced young American sopranos of the time it might be is open to discussion, but I will guess Beal Hober, who eventually made a Met debut five seasons later, but did not stay with the company long. This affair has some odd joints and splices. but much of it rings out impressively. Both the Brangaene and Kurvenal are able singers in their brief opportunities. I have no theories about the former, but the latter's resemblance to Mack Harrell can hardly be accidental.

With these sample deductions, the fireside detectives' pursuit of truth in the "Aida" (CAL-225) "Rigoletto," and "Pagliacci" (CAL-226) should be considerably facilitated. It may surprise some to hear how well these relics of 1940 sound, but if I am not mistaken, Carnegie Hall was the advantageous recording "studio," and the modernization has been skilfully done. Certainly, the interests involved will more than repay the modest cost asked. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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# Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Beethoven: "Namensfeier," "King Stephen," etc. Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster WL-5335, $5.95. | Pertinent work by Scherchen in this repertory, especially the works written when the vocabulary o the Ninth Symphony was being expressed in this overture outlet. He also does the "Consecration o the House" well. However the "Coriolan" and "Prometheus" suffer from Scherchen's failing, i familiar works, of making them sound "different" regardless of consequences. Good Beethovenis sound, meaning distinct strings and woodwinds. |
| Berlioz: "Les Nuits d'Été," Eleanor Steber, soprano, with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos. Columbia ML-4940, $4.98. | Steber's conscientious vocalism and the well-shaded accompaniments directed by Mitropoulos d not, nevertheless, convey the atmosphere and poetic quality of these songs. Overside she sing "La Captive," "Le Jeune Pâtre Breton," and "Zaïde" with orchestra directed by Jean Morel These, too, are commendable in musicianship and taste, deficient in suitable delivery of the wor values involved. |
| Bizet: Symphony in C, "Patrie" Overture. Andre Cluytens conducting the Orchestre Nationale. Angel 35119, $4.98. | The first count against this disc is the overbright, rather strident sound of the orchestra, which put an undue prominence on the upper frequencies. With or without this element, the inclination of Cluytens are brusque beside the suaver style of Stokowski's RCA effort. The overture is vigor ously played, but with the same disaffecting quality of sound. |
| Brahms: Concerto in D. Gioconda de Vito, violin, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Schwarz. RCA-LHMV 5, $4.98. | It is clear, from the first entrance of the solo instrument, that this is a task that Miss de Vito doe not toss off in the least lightly, but as the measures accumulate it is also apparent that she does no toss off its meaning lightly either. Her eloquence of feeling and strength of melodic statement ar especially gratifying in the slow movement, which she plays with great style and expressiveness This may not be the Brahms Concerto to everyone's taste (Rudolf Schwarz makes a rather pond erous business of the orchestral score), but it is very much knowing by those who treasure thi work. Fine sound, excellent balance. |
| Dohnanyi: "Variations on a Nursery Song." Rachmaninoff: "Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini." Julius Katchen, piano, with the London Philharmonic conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. London LL-1018, $3.98. | About the best performance this work has had on records since the war (Smith and Jacquino were others, of lesser quality), in which its warmth as well as its wit are ably expounded b Katchen, sympathetically seconded by Sir Adrian. In the Rachmaninoff, however, one woul relish a little sparkle and drive, especially from the orchestra, which the conductor does no provide. Pianistically, this is one of Katchen's best recent efforts, and powerfully reproduced |
| Kiadov: "Baba Yaga," Eight Folk Songs. "Kikimora," Balakirev: "Thamar." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestra of the Suisse Romande. London LL-1068, $3.98. | Choice Russian literature done in superbly suitable fashion by Ansermet, and reproduced witl brilliantly faithful coloristic detail. "Thamar," of course, has the largest design, the most abundan fantasy, but the Liadov pieces are all absorbing. A comparison of Ansermet's "Kikimora" witl Toscanini's (RCA 7014) shows an interesting distinction between the latter's generalized or chestral statement and the former's more specifically appropriate one. |
| Mozart: Concerto in A for Clarinet, in B flat for Bassoon. Gervase de Peyer, clarinet, Henri Helearts, bassoon, with the London Symphony directed by Anthony Collins. London LL-1135, $3.98. | De Peyer in particular is a dazzling master of his instrument, with a remarkably confident attacl on the top register. However, it is all more a demonstration of fluency than an expression o sentiment, for which Collins's rather neutral direction must share a portion of blame. The bassoonist is also a fine technician, if not as outstanding as de Peyer. Fine sound in both. |
| Mozart: Symphonies in D (No. 35) and C major (No. 41), Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Rochester Philharmonic. Columbia RL-3103, $2.98. | The "Jupiter" is done with more than customary breadth and vigor, both traits that consort wel with its largeness of scope. Some instrumental details do not sound as cleanly as they might fron another orchestra under the same leadership, but the total result is highly creditable to Leinsdorf The lighter scoring of the "Haffner" is sometimes overburdened by Leinsdorf's bigness of state ment, but there are a number of rewarding details, especially in the slow movement. Uncommonly fine sound, actually superior to what is still being offered by Columbia at "standard" prices, ir duplicated items. |
| Prokofiev: "Semyon Kotko," symphonic suite. Rolf Kleinert conducting the orchestra of Radio Berlin. Urania URLP 7135, $3.98. | A derivation from an opera written by Prokofiev in 1939 (the year of "Alexander Nevsky") and entitled to more performance than it has had. The melodic material is Ukrainian-derived, and orchestrally elaborated with a color range notable for the darker, richer hues. Creditable perform ance, reproduced with more balanced emphasis than has been customary with Urania. |
| Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol P-8293, $4.98. | Steinberg's ideas on this score are forthright and executed with authority by his well-disciplined forces, though I find the leanness of tone a littel ascetic for this score, the inclination to under statement at variance with the composer's overbrimming impulse. The accurate registration does not give back the kind of richness heard from Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra on Columbia. |
| Schumann: Symphony No. 3 ("Rhenish"). Overture, Scherzo, Finale. Carl Schuricht conducting the Orchestra of the Concerts du Conservatoire. London LL-1037, $3.98. | About the best playing of this music now on records, more propulsive, better sustained in pace than the otherwise admirable Dean Dixon version on Westminster. I cannot say the French wood winds and string tone are exactly what one wants to hear in this score, but their response to Schuricht is so wholehearted that the experience becomes a unified one. Fine processing in this and the associated work, which is a welcome deviation from more usual repertory. It is also played with the real Schumann spirit. |
| Vivaldi: Concerto, opus 10, No.2 ("La Notte"), others in G minor, B flat. Virtuosi di Roma, Renato Fasano, director. Decca DL-9684, $3.98. | More riches from the treasure trove of Vivaldi (this is volume 3 in Decca's series), with Fasano and ensemble conforming to the high expectations associated with their names. Of particular note is the flute playing of Gesualdo Pellegrini in the fine work titled "La Notte" and the unnamed oboist in a concerto in B flat (the disc includes another work in the same key with violin and cello principals). William Flanagan's notes are commendable save for a lack of information about any of the works in this collection. —IRVING KOLODIN. |

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# Liszt

*Continued from page 40*

Liszt's shorter works are considerably increased in a work of the dimension and scheme of the B minor Sonata. Liszt's chief method of attaining continuity and dramatic movement in his large designs was through transformation of his themes. By itself, it is no great stunt to develop one musical idea from another, and certainly the profundity and logic of music lie much deeper. Liszt's processes, however, pose architectural problems and responsibilities to the performer, who must realize variety within unity through extremely subtle relationships, relationships which have eluded some of the best ears known to us. The responsibilities increase in direct ratio to the amount of time and space which the music imposes upon the listener's memory. Miss Farnadi manages to meet the structural issues with commendable understanding, but in this music a miss is as good as a mile. Frankly, I do not know of any woman pianist who would be adequate to the Herculean demands of this repertory and few who could make as good a try.

Directly after hearing her performance of the "Mephisto Waltz," and wishing to refresh my memory, I played the RCA Victor version by William Kapell. This performance, which I had formerly regarded as a brilliant and youthful reading by a brilliant and youthful virtuoso emerged in comparison as a mature and masterly interpretation, full of imaginative drive, tonal luminosity, and technical command.

The B minor Sonata, "Sonetto del Petrarco No. 104," "Rhapsodie Espagnole," and three "Etudes de Paganini" have been recorded for Epic by Alexander Uninsky. His performances are throughout those of a sensitive and serious artist who never offends and never fails to make the instrument sound lovely. Too lovely, in fact, for in addition to the many beautiful things he accomplishes with taste and facility, the heroic works demand more devilish daring and rhythmic propulsion to be completely expressive.

ONE Alexander invites another, and so I proceeded to the Brailowsky disc on Victor which contains Liszt's Rhapsodies Nos. 6 and 12, "Valses Impromptu and Oubliée," "Mephisto Waltz," and a few representative small works. As usual, Mr. Brailowsky plays with his irresistible and disarming complacency, uncorrupted by

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# Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Beethoven: Sonatas op. 109, 110, 111. Yves Nat, piano. Haydn Society 110, $5.95 | Unfortunately, the sequence on the record does not conform to the numerical one, with the result that the op. 111, which gives Nat a good deal of trouble technically, comes first, and may prejudice the listener against the others, which are better played. Throughout the level of artistic understanding is high, the emotional communication considerable. Excellent piano sound, too. |
| Bloch: "Prayer," etc. Paul Olefsky, cello, with George Silfies, piano. McInrosh MM-103, $4.98. | As those who remember him with the Philadelphia Orchestra will attest, Olefsky is a cellist of superior capacities, producing a beautiful tone from his instrument. However, he does not have the artistic personality, as yet, to make absorbing such works as the Debussy sonata, or Falla's "Suite Populaire Espagnole." The inclusion of works by Frescobaldi and Fauré, Prokofiev and Senaillé makes for a rather cumbersome miscellany. Very good sound. |
| Boccherini: Quintets in A and D minor. Chigi Quintet. London LL-749, $3.98. | Typically engaging ideas make these works attractive to hear, though the composer's structural sense was not too well-developed, resulting in more repetition than is welcome. They are played with taste and understanding by the Chigi ensemble, aside from a rather percussive attack by the pianist. |
| Gardner: "From the Canebrake," etc. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Emanuel Bay and Milton Kaye, pianists. Decca DL 9760, $3.98. | Dazzling examples of Heifetz in his 1944-45 form, during a brief period of Deccalaboration, though I could do without the rather trying Castelnuovo-Tedesco rewrite of Rossini's "Largo al factotum" and Heifetz's own overelaborate transcriptions from "Porgy and Bess." Also included are Bennett's "Hexapoda," the Primrose arrangement of Benjamin's "Jamaican Rumba," and the three Gershwin "Preludes." The sound is substantially better than as originally issued on Decca's shellac. |
| Haydn: Quartets opus 3, No. 5, opus 76, No. 2. Quartetto Italiano, Angel 35185, $4.98. | Opus 3, No. 5, is, of course, the early F major work with the celebrated serenade for solo violin. The clarity and precision of the quartet are very much to its musical advantage, though the Quartetto Italiano's idea of "classic" style strikes me as somewhat anemic, lacking in the robust humors and emotional vigor of such a composer as Haydn. Also the playing tends to one vein of instrumental silkiness, which is admirable in its place, but tedious when applied without regard for suitability. Fine grained reproduction. |
| Janacek: Concertino for Two Violins, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, and Piano. Barylli Ensemble. Westminster WL 5333, $5.95. | An odd-sounding, rather doleful work that may have an esoteric appeal—anything sufficiently unintelligible generally will— but provides no consistent interest for my ear. Overside Barylli and Franz Holetschek play the violin sonata of 1914, which has considerably more appeal, especially in the slow movement. The "Dumka" of 1880 is also included. Adroit performance, excellent sound throughout. |
| Loucheur: "En familile." Sextour de Clarinettes de Paris. London LS-1077, $2.98. | The musical value of this suite (bearing such titles as "Papa," "Maman," "Philibert," "Sylvie," "Le cercle de famille") is rather slight, but it has more than a little entertainment value as perfectly played by the six clarinetists. The Florent Schmitt "Sextuor" on side two has more intellectual content, but nothing describable as entertainment. Fine crisp reproduction. |
| Morganstern: "Weepin' Mary," "Ol' Time Religion," and other spirituals. Lucretia West, mezzo, with Jonathan Brice, piano, orchestra and male quartet conducted by Sam Morganstern. Westminster WL-5338, $5.98. | Miss West has a voice of uncommon quality, but the spirituals which she sings with a male quartet and orchestra are rather synthetic-sounding in the arrangements of Morganstern. If the quartet is supposed to be "harmonizing" on its own, the passing-tones and other textbook tricks are out of place; if not, the device has no particular point. In any case, it all detracts attention from what should be the primary interest, the voice of West. That is properly present in those (such as "Jacob's Ladder") which she sings to Jonathan Brice's piano accompaniment. It would be better had they been grouped together. The variable recording is not in Westminster's best manner. |
| Mozart: Sonatas in E minor (K.304), B flat (K.378), and E flat (K.481). Brenton Langbein, violin, and Maureen Jones, piano. London LL 1069, $3.98. | As usual, information is tendered about the familiar works rather than the unfamiliar performers, whereas one would prefer the opposite. The playing is clean and musically scrupulous, though neither performer has a special affinity for the material. Something of a super-conservatory level rather than the real professionalism of a Goldberg or Szigeti. The processing is according to London's standard. |
| Nin: "El amor es como un niño," etc. Irma Kolassi, mezzo, with Andre Collard, piano. London LD-9142, $2.98. | Kolassi makes quite a delightful effect with this repertory, which includes arrangements by Koeckert of "La Granadina" and "Serrana" as well as the more familiar ones of Nin. Collard collaborates well at the piano, and the total is enhanced by the excellent balance of the reproduction. |
| Rachmaninoff: "The Soldier's Bride," etc. N. Obouknova, mezzo, A. Pirogov, baritone, etc. Vanguard VRS 6023, $3.98. | The qualities of the interpretative art in these performances are more impressive than the vocal instruments utilized, though the whole provides an interesting cross-section of the present state of artistry in the U.S.S.R. Of special interest is Oboukhova's expressive singing of "Like a Vision", one of Rachmaninoff's unpublished songs of 1887-93 and hitherto unknown to me. Side two offers a Moussorgsky miscellany, with Pirogov maintaining the repute associated with him in "The Goat," "The Revel," etc. Reasonably good recording. |
| Ravel: "Oiseaux tristes," Debussy: "Les Collines d'Anacapri," etc. Lottie Morel, piano. London LD-9149, $2.98. | London's sponsorship of artists far from international celebrity is by no means common among major companies, and they are entitled to thanks for introducing us to Miss Morel, who is obviously a superior instrumentalist, though her rating as an interpreter is not clarified on this disc. The Ravel and Debussy works are competently managed though not with more than nominal poetry; the Gagnebin "Toccata" and Marescotti "Fantasque" are decidedly better if, of course, less demanding. |
| Saint-Saëns: "Samson and Delilah" (Excerpts). Risë Stevens, mezzo, Jan Peerce, tenor, Robert Merrill, baritone, with Leopold Stokowski conducting. RCA Victor LM-1848, $3.98. | All the names don't add up to the two of the title, with none of the voices really suitable to the material and conductor Stokowski contributing rather less than might have been expected of him. Included are "Printemps qui commence!" "Amour! viens aider ma faiblesse," "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix" (with the preceding duet), the "Bacchanale" and finale. Miss Stevens has, alas, cheapened her good repute by posing for a tastelessly sexy cover that would look better on a calendar than on a record. —I. K. |

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omanticism, undeflected by cerebra-ion, and untainted by virtuosity.

Most musicians concur with the eoples' choice of Rubinstein and Iorowitz as our foremost pianists, ach in his own way. For reference first turned to Rubinstein's Victor ecord of the E flat concerto with ıntal Dorati directing the Dallas ymphony in a perfectly guided or-hestral collaboration. Also at hand s a 45-rpm disc of Rubinstein playing he Tenth Rhapsody and Valse Im-promptu.

Apart from beautiful tone, colorful nstrumentation, and sonorous sweep, Rubinstein's power of transition is erhaps his most individual gift. He vill go from a boisterous mood to a ender one, from a furious tempo to ı leisurely one, from powerful chords o lacy figuration, all with the most xtraordinary ease and rightness. In he Rhapsody he takes us right into a Hungarian cafe full of thrilling cim-balonists. The main feature of this ltogether remarkable and charac-eristic piece is the delicious section of ascending and descending glissan-dos (which Miss Farnadi omits en-tirely, substituting the dull "ossia"). Rubinstein's awareness of the har-monic structure endows each glis-sando with its own color and char-acter. He then forges ahead, main-taining the basic pulse and realizing superbly the treacherous passages for what they are—the materials of rich melodic figuration and dramatic pro-gression.

Thence to Horowitz's 78-rpm RCA discs of the B minor Sonata (made about two decades ago) and his more recent LP performances of the Sixth Rhapsody, "Au bord d'une source," "Sonetto del Petrarca No. 104," "Funérailles," "Valse Oubliée," and his own arrangement of the Rákóczy March based on Liszt's fifteenth "Hungarian Rhapsody."

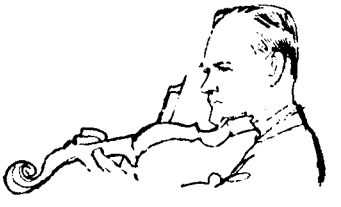
What is there to say about such flaming fury and dramatic virtuosity? Merely, that added to the relentless rhythm and fantastic articulation, Horowitz the musician displays a sense of motion, a variety of touches and colors entirely individual and entirely in a class by themselves. In the Sonata, the eloquent pleading of the cantando sections is followed by storms of chords and octaves as terrifying as they are clarion and controlled. The Horowitz bravura, the Horowitz intensity, sparkle, and design nowhere find truer expression than in the music of Liszt.

We close with the urgent request to RCA Victor either to reissue this definitive performance of the great sonata on LP or to raise a volunteer brigade to have Horowitz re-record it, at gunpoint if necessary. I shall be the first to enlist.


# DECCA Playbacks

**Speaking of the loss of Wilhelm Furtwängler,** the English monthly "The Gramophone" says "...more than any other conductor... he delighted in sheer beauty of tone." Three of Furtwängler's greatest performances are recorded on Decca with the Berlin Philharmonic . . . the *Schubert Symphony No. 9,* "the Great C Major" (DL 9746) and the *Schumann Symphony No. 4 in D Minor Op. 120* with *Haydn's Symphony No. 88 in G Major* (DL 9767).

**"Oistrakh is taking over the violin concerto literature,"** says John Conly in the Atlantic. "You can't beat this, neither can you resist it." He is referring to the



superb Decca high-fidelity recording of *Tchaikowsky's Concerto in D Major Op. 35* (DL 9755) . . . but it could apply equally to the thrilling Oistrakh interpretation of *Brahms' Concerto in D Major Op. 77* (DL 9754), or his latest recording: *Mozart's Concerto No. 5 in A Major K 219,* the "Turkish" (DL 9766).

**The later works of Richard Strauss** were true artistic efforts written as much for his own pleasure as for public acclaim. They are intimate and attractive. Now Karl Haas and the impeccable London Baroque Ensemble have recorded an entrancing reading of Strauss' final work, the *Symphony for Wind Instruments,* notable for its perfect classic authenticity (DL 9761).

**Jazz may blow "hot" or "cool,"** but the redoubtable Muggsy Spanier can always be counted on to stay warm in horn and heart. With a revised and augmented version of the band he toured with last year, Muggsy has waxed a new Decca album *Hot Horn* (DL 5552–ED 697). The session is made immortal by an eleven-minute rendition of "Careless Love" that gives each member a chance to get everything off his chest.

**The greatest living exponent of the** Fats Waller style of jazz piano is tall, bespectacled Ralph Sutton. His new Decca album, *I Got Rhythm* (DL 5498–ED 2111-12) reveals a precise style akin to Waller's, yet distinctively Sutton in its versatility.

**The Red Norvo Trio** has been cultivating a particularly soothing manner of jazz—extremely listenable and danceable. *Dancing On The Ceiling* (DL 5501–ED 2115-16) gives such standards as "Tenderly" and "Strike Up The Band" a treatment that's very different and, we think, very enjoyable.

**Strap on your sword,** put on your boots, and march down to your record store for *Songs of the North and South* (DL 8093). Frank Luther and Zora Layman, with the able assistance of the Century Quartet, have collected on wax the humorous, sad and beautiful Civil War tunes of both the Union and Confederate troops. You'll find the songs that lived to become great, as well as some lesser-known ones that are completely fascinating. *Songs of the North* (ED 705) and *South* (ED 706) are also available separately on Extended Play.

**The latest offerings by Fred Waring** have the Pennsylvanians apply their mellow charm to some of the wonderful tunes from three of Broadway's big new musicals . . . *Fanny, Silk Stockings,* and *House of Flowers* (ED 2169, 2175, 2182). It's a highly agreeable way to sample the best of Musical Broadway.

**Man is a creature of moods . . . and**

one of the most pleasant comes just before evening, when he can sit back and relax with a cigarette, a cocktail, and pleasant companionship. The Queen's Hall Light Orchestra has captured this mood of quiet satisfaction in *Very Very Dry* (DL 8087–ED 698)... cocktail music that is almost as pleasant to listen to as the tinkle of ice in a pitcher of martinis!

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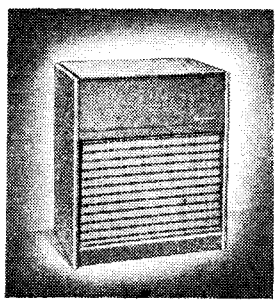

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## THE AMEN CORNER

# Creole Cooking, Etc.

YOUNG men who wish to recor jazz in the New Orleans or dee traditional style face speci handicaps and have my sympathy. I the first place, they are competin with the masters' historic records—such as those of Louis Armstrong' Hot Five and Hot Seven. And, sec ondly, some of the masters themselve are still extant and doing very nicely I have before me, for instance, th latest album of history's gift to Lo Angeles, the sixty-eight-year-old Ki Ory and his Creole Jazz Band (Goo Time Jazz GTJ L-12004). It is th fashion in certain modern jazz cir cles to disparage Kid's slipper "trambune," and I imagine there ma even be those who will resent m liberties with the name of the in strument. I can only say that I fin Ory and his companions, includin the fine white pianist Don Ewell, pos sessing a ripeness and ease with th old favorites which the young Nev Orleans emulators seldom attain. A Satchel Paige used to say, it is matter of jangling around loosely a you walk, of distributing the juices After all the fake orgies committe in the name of the tune—I ofte think I never want to hear it again— I am even delighted by Ory's middle tempo "Saints," and, as if that were not enough, the album cover con tains the leader's own recipes fo Creole Gumbo File and Shrimp Jam balaya.

In a rather more Chicagoan vein there are hearty classics from a grou of veterans including trumpeter Buck Clayton, clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow and tenor saxophonist Eugene Cedric (Pax 6009). Clayton is an able mar who can afford to assail such well-tried numbers as "Rose Room" and "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams," and I am particularly fond of the lazy group effort in "Swingin' with Mezz," where Big Chief Moore, nor mally one of the loudest trombone players on record, is heard with en trancing, soft-shoe, muted effect.

Among the young combinations who are trying to combine old and new jazz values I would call special at tention to The Six (Norgran MGN-25). This is a musically learned crew whose pianist, for example, Tommy Goodman, has studied with Paul Hin demith and Nadia Boulanger. The others are reed man Bob Wilber; trumpeter John Glasel; trombonist Porky Cohen; drummer Eddie Phyfe; and bassist Bob Petersen. Goodman is an attractive composer and ar ranger in the modern vein—"Take

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x" and "Music to Sin by." Some-
nes the band sounds Ellingtonesque;
ı the other hand, it can polish off
neo-Dixieland "Riverboat Shuffle"
ith great *éclat*.

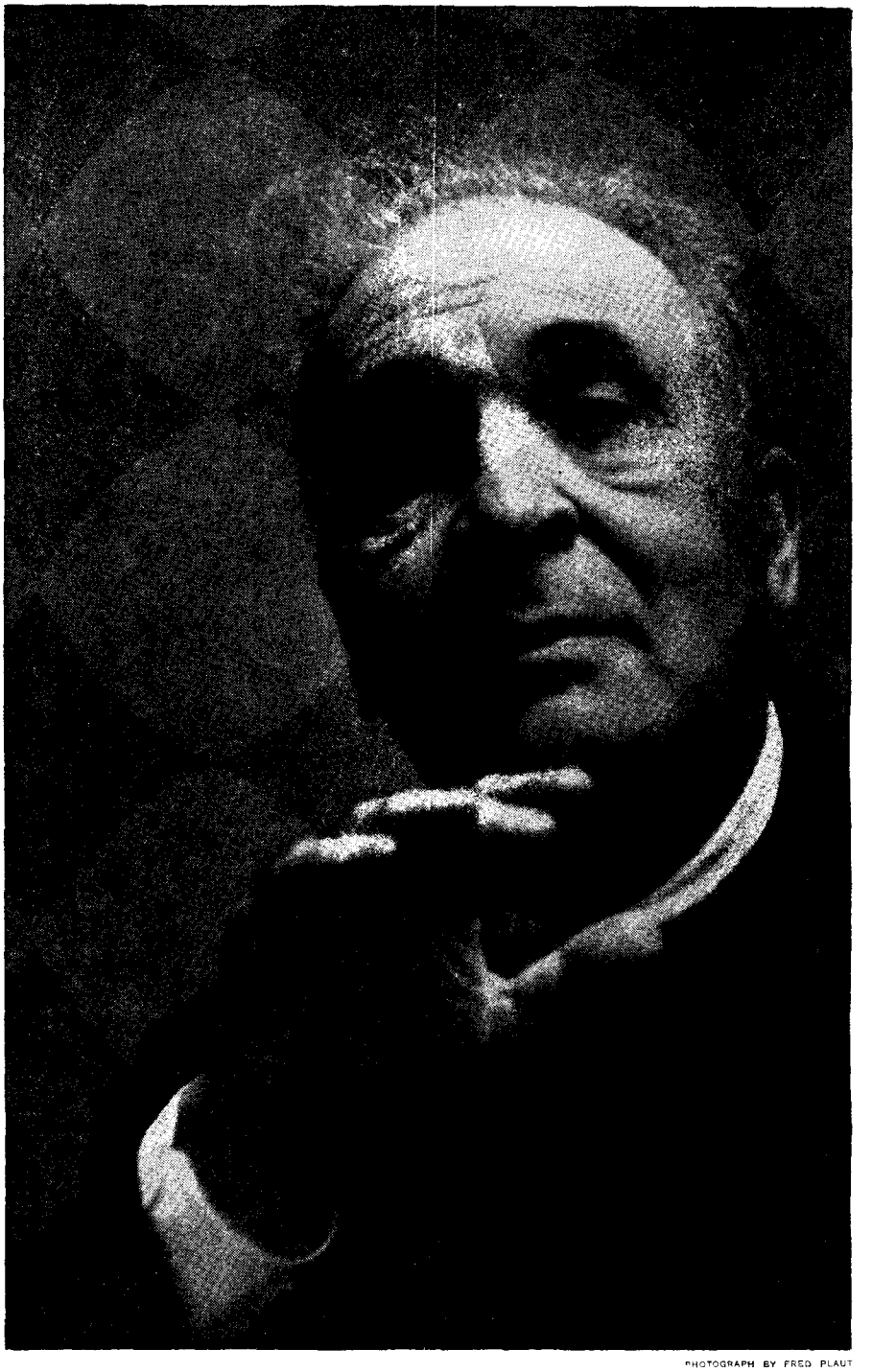
Let us pass on to what Walt Whit-
an called the years of the modern.
n the Solo Spotlight," by Howard
umsey's Lighthouse All-Stars of
ermosa Beach, California (Contem-
orary C2515), offers some of the best
oung Westerners in a wide variety
: moods and virtuosity. The players
clude Claude Williamson, piano;
ud Shank, alto saxophone; Bob
ooper, tenor saxophone; Stu Wil-
amson, trumpet; and Bob Enevold-
en, valve trombone. The professional
apers have lately been full of dis-
ussion as to whether there really *is*
nything that can be called a modern
alifornia or Pacific jazz style, as
gainst modern style in general. I
on't find the debate very significant,
ut would remind the reader that
ver since the days of Art Hickman
ıe bland airs of the Pacific littoral
ave provoked a romantic tendency
ı the local dance music. Men of my
eneration (going on fifty) think of
he term "California orchestra" with
certain light in their memories,
nd the new jazz from the Coast often
eminds me of perfumes gone by. For
nstance, the valve trombone playing
f Bob Brookmeyer with his chamber
roup (Pacific PJLP-16).

From another Californian, alto sax-
phonist Lennie Niehaus, we get stir-
ingly rhythmic solos of extended
hrasing, and these are built into
racing polyphony with his seven fel-
ows (Contemporary C2517). Niehaus
ıas so much vigor combined with
nusical sophistication that he sweeps
lmost all before him. Sometimes I
ıave a sense of the modern "noo-
lling" I referred to last month—the
ıgile but fundamentally shapeless
laying around with uncommon chords
ınd passing notes. I have much more
f that sense from the clarinet work
f Buddy DeFranco, brilliant as it is
(Norgran MGN-1012). The general
effect of a good deal of modern jazz
ecording is of skilful rehearsal in
ublic—technical rehearsal for firmly
haped conceptions which have not
et arrived. I greatly enjoy gifted re-
hearsing, but cannot lose the sense
f it as such.

Gems in the revival market in-
clude another album of Bix Beider-
becke with the Wolverines of 1924—
"Tiger Rag" and "Tia Juana" are
among the numbers—and with other
small bands involving trombonists
Miff Mole and Tommy Dorsey (River-
side 1050). On no other records did
the great cornetist have such fitting
trombone company.

—WILDER HOBSON.


# THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED PLAUT

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# Pipe Organ on LP

By DAVID HEBB

ONE of the more interesting developments in today's recorded music is the invasion of the field by commercial firms who are not principally in the recording business. The commercial film, with overtones of advertising, is a well-established fact, but it is a new twist in records aimed at those the survey operators like to call "the ultimate consumer."

Three of this country's most prominent organ builders—at least, they are the three largest—have published recordings of more than moderate interest with the aim, surely, of making the listener aware of the *brand* of organ he's listening to. At first thoug this seems strange and rather weird commercial, yet in another sense is no more strange than knowir whether one is hearing the New Yo Philharmonic, the Boston Symphon or the Philadelphia Orchestra. Pi organs are so much less alike tha peas in a pod, or pianos, that the nan of the builder offers some idea of wh the instrument may sound like.

Aeolian-Skinner, in Cambridg Massachusetts, builds an instrume that many feel is the Cadillac of o gans. Brilliant and sometimes almo brassy, an Aeolian-Skinner is apt be daring in tonal design, equall adapted to Bach and to the moder French composers. In Hagerstow Maryland, is M. P. Möller, builder several of the most exciting of rece instruments, who has developed system of construction that com closer to mass production than h colleagues in the field. Austin, in Hart ford, is the third firm—builders some behemoths, all employing con struction details exclusive to the company, including the "walk-in wind chest.

Last year Aeolian-Skinner release the first record of what has turned o to be a series, called "The King Instruments."

For this "King of Instruments record Aeolian-Skinner has chose the organ in Christ Church, Bronx ville, a building of modest size that as impressive to the ear as it is to th eye. It isn't every suburban paris that can boast an organ like this, o such a building to give it breadt or an organist like Robert Owen, wh is the artist in this case. His playin is crisp and clean, and his registra tions done with judgment and goo taste. High spots on the record ar Owen's playing of the Walther Varia tions on "Meinen Jesum Lass' ic nicht," and the familiar "Noël," a se of six variations by the eighteenth century Frenchman, Louis Claud Daquin.

Railway travelers coming int Washington from the South are ap to see an imposing stone structur with a Greek portico and a triple terraced tower, the Masonic Memoria to George Washington. It houses pipe organ that is, happily, playe daily for the enjoyment of the hun dreds of visitors who drop in to se the shrine to the father of our country Built by M. P. Möller, it is a larg three-manual instrument with th great organ unenclosed. That thi organ has a big, broad sound is ap parent from three contemporary work played by Edward Linzel, who i organist at New York's Church of St Mary the Virgin. The selections ar the Scherzo from Louis Vierne's sec ond symphony; the Andante fron


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dor's "Symphonie Gothique"; and ıx Reger's music inspired by a ristmastide affected by the over- ıes of war, "Weihnachten 1914." erne and Widor are staples of organ e, and frequently heard; the Reger pears on recitals much more seldom d deserves a thoughtful hearing for intermingling of strange harmon- development with familiar carol emes. Linzel is meticulous in his rformance.

Meticulous is the word also for nest White, longtime musical direc- of St. Mary's, who is known as a eless teacher and an indefatigable rformer. He contributes five short rks which comprise the other side this Möller record, played on an gan the builders call "The Double tiste." The Artiste was introduced 1950 in an effort to provide a true pe organ of small size that would comparably low in price. Expanding usefulness, Möller has doubled it, tting three ranks of pipes in each two expression chambers. That so uch can be done with so little is a bute both to the builder and to the ganist, though it must be said that r. White hasn't attempted any "big" rks, in which the instrument would obably leave much to be desired. ıe contrast of voices in Pachelbel's riations on "Ach, was soll ich Sün- r machen," is extremely effective.

Two records have recently come in om overseas which present organists hose work has hitherto been un- miliar on this side of the Atlantic. a program of seventeenth-century usic of southern Europe, Gustav eonhardt, a young Hollander who aches in Amsterdam and Vienna, ays an organ which is surely one of e oldest still in working condition: ıe instrument in the "Stiftskirche" Klosterneuburg, Austria. Built be- veen 1636 and 1642, its reeds were tered in the nineteenth-century (in me with the fashion of the time, no oubt), and brought back to the riginal design more recently. Leon- ardt plays as if he lived in the aroque period and loved it, and his pproach to Praetorius—he of "Lo, ow a Rose E'er Blooming"—Fro- erger, and Frescobaldi, to mention ıe three best-known of the seven omposers, is almost on a first-name asis. All but one of the seven died efore 1700, and listening to the music akes one on an interesting journey to he Vienna, Rome, and Florence of he past. It also points up the tremen- ous influence Frescobaldi has on his ontemporaries, and indeed, on com- osers of a much later day. ("Seven- eenth-Century Organ Music," Van- guard BG-529.)

The lack of attention and acclaim Bach received during his lifetime is surely being compensated for today, and an enthusiastic collector of organ recordings would have to temper his enthusiasm to avoid building up a number of duplications, such as ten versions of the C Minor Passacaglia and Fugue. While that musical monument is not included here, the Haydn Society, in "J. S. Bach, Works for Organ" (HSL-104) presents a number of Bach works that are just as familiar—the adaptation of the Vivaldi A Minor Concerto, the C Minor and G Major Preludes and Fugues, the Trios in C Minor and D Minor, the D Minor "Canzona," the Aria in F Major after Couperin, and two Chorale Preludes, "Erbarm' dich mein, O Herre Gott," and "In Dulci Jubilo." The organist is Marie-Claire Alain, and the organ is that of the Church of St. Merry, Paris. Built in 1647, the organ is most interesting from the standpoint of those who have rebuilt it: Ducastel, Collard, then the two titans of nineteenth-century France, Cliquot and Cavaillé-Coll, and Gonzales, between 1943 and 1947. The sound is rich and grand, and ought to be heard by everyone who is more than mildly interested in organ tone. There are some disjointed-sounding spots in the music that could possibly be the result of joining pieces of tape together in an editing session.


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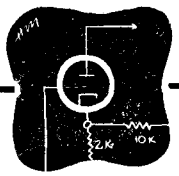

HIGHS AND LOWS

## An Ounce of Prevention

ARE you one of those well-disciplined individuals who voluntarily visit their family physician and dentist for yearly check-ups, who have their cars thoroughly gone over after every so many miles of operation, who contract for the regular services of a piano-tuner, typewriter-cleaner, and household-utility repairman? Or do you, like most of us, wait for operational breakdown before you put in an emergency call for the appropriate doctor?

The best resolution I can recommend for the latter, average person is to learn the value of preventive care of his sound-reproducing system. Perhaps nowhere else in the home are the simplest precautions against o erational deteriorations more gene ally neglected. And if the inevitat consequences here aren't likely prove dangerous to life or safety, th certainly can be—usually are—a noying and expensive. On the oth hand, the final breakdowns ther selves almost never occur except the climaxes of progressively more i sistent warnings, most of which shou be unmistakable even to a non-tecl nically trained listener.

Even in their earliest stages aud trouble symptoms are recognizable l any attentive and forewarned ear. A most invariably they're first man fested as an appearance or rise extraneous noise, increased tonal in balance or distortion (originally ev dent only in certain "difficult" recor or passages), or as a loss of pow either in the overall loudness level at tonal extremes.

The first danger sign is the easie to spot. Switch on your sound syster turn your volume control full up, an (with the turntable spinning but r record on it) listen carefully, wit your ear close to the loudspeaker, fc hum, rumble, and crackling or pop ping noises. With a first-class wide range system in peak operating condi tion, and even with tone controls se for maximum bass and treble boos the sixty-cycle power-line hu should be barely audible, there shoul be no rumble at all, and only a smoot high-frequency tube "hiss." Unfor tunately, few systems pass this ele mentary test, so don't be too discour aged if yours doesn't. But whateve your equipment's pretensions, should be able to meet the less rig orous requirement that no objection able noises are detectable from you normal listening position and with al controls at *normal operating setting* In any case, it is a perceptible *increas* in background noise which warns tha something is starting to go wrong.

The other two symptoms are a bi more difficult to catch immediately yet with a little practice, especially i the cultivation of aural memory, the too are obvious. Make a regular habi of checking distortion and power-out put levels by playing selected "test' program materials under fixed condi tions—that is, with all control setting unchanged and no change in you own listening location. Special test o demonstration recordings may b helpful here, but they are by n means necessary. Any familiar recor may be used, but those which are rich in explosive "transients" and extreme dynamic contrasts are best (provided the disc itself has not been seriously worn). Two of my own favorites fo this purpose are Prokofiev's "Lt. Kije Suite" (Westminster WL-5091) and


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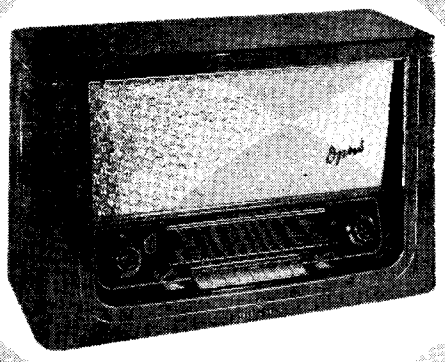

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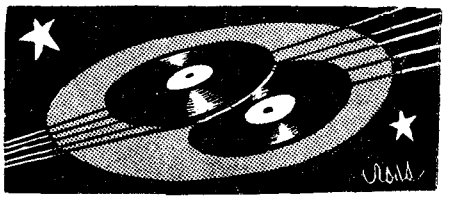
ravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat" Vox PL-7960), but the specific composition or recording is less important an your own close familiarity with every sound detail. By consistently playing at least a part of this "test" aterial prior to every normal listening session, you'll quickly develop the ıack of noting any change in its produced quality: a slightly weaker erall impact, an unsteadiness of ıstained tones, a loss of crispness in e transient response, or a clouding "definition" in the extreme "highs" "lows"—any one of which testifies some mechanical or electronic derioration.

DIAGNOSING the actual source of ouble and curing it, is something se, and if you have no technical exerience or aptitude the safest course to call a serviceman immediately. t least you can be sure that his reairs won't take as long or cost as much s if you'd let the trouble develop furıer. Many audio defects, however, ctually can be diagnosed and often orrected by non-technicians after not o much do-it-yourself trial-and-rror experience. At least 90 per cent f them, I'd dare estimate, result from ommon moving-part and vacuum-ıbe *wear*—and the prescribed rem-



edies are cleaning, adjustment, and lubrication for the former, tube replacement for the latter.

DeBaer's and Mandel's "What to Do till the Service Man Comes" (*SR* Mar. 27, 1954) listed many valuable practical steps in home-audio-trouble-shooting. And even if these seem beyond your abilities, at least you can take such elementary precautions as checking turntable speed with a stroboscopic disc (that invaluable phonographic "tuning-fork!"), turntable levelling, pickup-arm height and balance, and stylus cleaning, etc. Tubes always can be taken out to be tested (saving the expense of a serviceman's visit), and if you're really well-advised, you'll invest in a batch of tested-O.K. "spares," at least one for every tube type used in your equipment. The first electronic-trouble cure-procedure, which an amateur can undertake as well as an expert, is simply to replace tubes, one at a time, and after each replacement to listen for any performance-quality change. If there is none, put the old tube back; if there's an improvement, throw the old one away—but be sure to get a new "spare."

What shocks me most about most of the audio systems, hi-fi and otherwise, I hear in friends' homes and even in dealers' demonstration rooms, is not so much how far short they fall of ideal sound reproduction as it is how much worse they sound than they *should*. And for every system that fails to live up even to its own modest quality standards when new, there are thousands which are allowed to deteriorate in performance without anything being done to remedy matters. Use-deterioration itself is inevitable, but it's never impossible and seldom difficult to arrest it far short of the breakdown which is the usual fate of uncared-for equipment.

We all acknowledge in theory the value of preventive care, but right here is where any serious audiophile can begin by putting that theory into action. Preventive audio maintenance, like preventive medicine, is the cheapest form of insurance: the only premium due is overcoming your human inertia; the dividends are savings in both listening pleasure and hard coin.

—R. D. DARRELL.

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**THE OTHER SIDE**

## A German Invasion

LONDON.

HELIODOR is not wasting any time in its attempts to gain DGG a secure foothold on the English market. The second Archive Production release is now available, and from February there will be small, monthly issues of standard DGG fare, with A.P. continuing to appear at bi-monthly intervals.

The first A.P. list was evidently planned to introduce to us the general concept of the twelve "Research Periods," but this pattern is not repeated in the second release, which consists of eight discs, four of them devoted to the music of Bach. Outstanding in every way is Helmut Walcha's performance of forty-five Chorale-Preludes from the "Orgelbüchlein" on the beautiful Schnitger organ at Cappel; the blind German organist, who will be heard in England for the first time when he gives a recital this month, is an artist with whom a scholarly approach and musical perception seem to be blended in almost ideal proportions. What happens when scholarship is not allied to imaginativeness is exemplified by Edith Picht-Axenfeld's performances of the "Italian Concerto" and the "French Overture" in B minor.

From the Benedictine Monks of St. Martin, Beuron, comes another splendid recording of Gregorian Chant, a complete Requiem Mass ("Prima Missa in Commemoratione Omnium Fidelium Defunctorum"), while England's "Elizabethan Age" is represented by a lovely group of pieces by William Byrd, taken from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book. Fritz Neumeyer is the skilful and sensitive performer and he used a suitably small-toned harpsichord, a modern copy of an early-seventeenth-century Belgian instrument, which is recorded to perfection. Hearing Neumeyer play Mozart's "Turkish March" Sonata, K-331, on a forte-piano made by J. G. Fichtl, it is scarcely possible to believe that this is the same artist. Here, for the most part, he sounds like an earnest schoolboy who happens to be good at sight reading. Far more enjoyable is the last of these Archive releases, devoted to nine sacred arias which Handel composed in 1729, on his return to Halle from Italy. These are well sung by Margot Guilleaume (soprano) and the various *obbligati* (for which Handel failed to specify the particular instrument) are beautifully played by Ulrich Grehling (violin), Gustav Scheck (German flute), and Helmut Winschermann (oboe).

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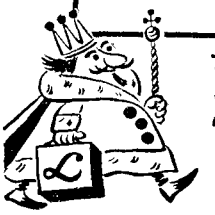

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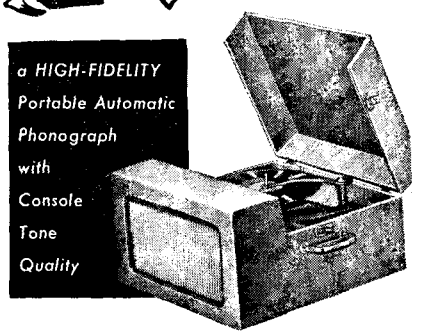


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ing—his somewhat Elgarian "Mu-
c for Strings" and a suite from the
est of the three ballets he composed
or Sadler's Wells, "Miracle in the
orbals." Fortunately, our "Master of
ie Queen's Musick" is also a con-
uctor of more than average ability;
ence the disc is compounded of au-
ienticity, excellent recording, and
olendid playing by the Philharmonia.
young German conductor, Wolfgang
awallisch, makes his record debut
ith the same orchestra in Dvorak's
ourth Symphony and the Scherzo
apriccioso. The performances are
vely but contain obvious signs of
iexperience. I should hesitate to
idge Sawallisch on the evidence of
iis disc alone—no doubt we shall
oon hear him in the concert hall,
nd further recordings will give us a
iore rounded picture of his poten-
alities. From France comes a Rus-
ian salad conducted by Igor Marke-
itch: the Polovtsian Dances from
Prince Igor," "A Night on the Bare
Mountain," and Tchaikovsky's "Ro-
ieo and Juliet." We find here some
xciting playing by the French Ra-
io Orchestra, but the singing of the
adio Chorus (in French, unfortu-
ately, not Russian) is no more than
ompetent and the general impression
onveyed by the performances is one
f slick superficiality.

Ever since LP descended upon us
fe has been full of surprises, but
or the past few months a company
alling itself Concert Artist Records
as really succeeded in mystifying
veryone connected with records. Last
October Concert Artist announced its
irst LP release of some sixteen rec-
rds, following this up with further
ists of comparable size in Novem-
er and December. Some of the re-
ordings were drawn from the reper-
oire of various American companies
Lyrichord, SPA, Mercury, Colos-
eum), but there were also a large
umber of piano records which had
ot previously appeared elsewhere.
n October one or two of the Ameri-
an recordings were reviewed on the
BBC (presumably from American
ressings), but that is the nearest
nyone has yet come to seeing a
ingle one of these discs! In Novem-
er the company changed its address,
ut in December it was back at the
riginal premises. Not content with
dvertising a large number of ap-
arently non-existent LP records,
Concert Artist has further added to
he confusion by stating that "Stand-
rd Play Versions are available to
rder of most items." Exactly what
ll this is leading up to is anyone's
guess, but at least it keeps us amused
while we wait breathlessly for next
nonth's momentous announcement.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.


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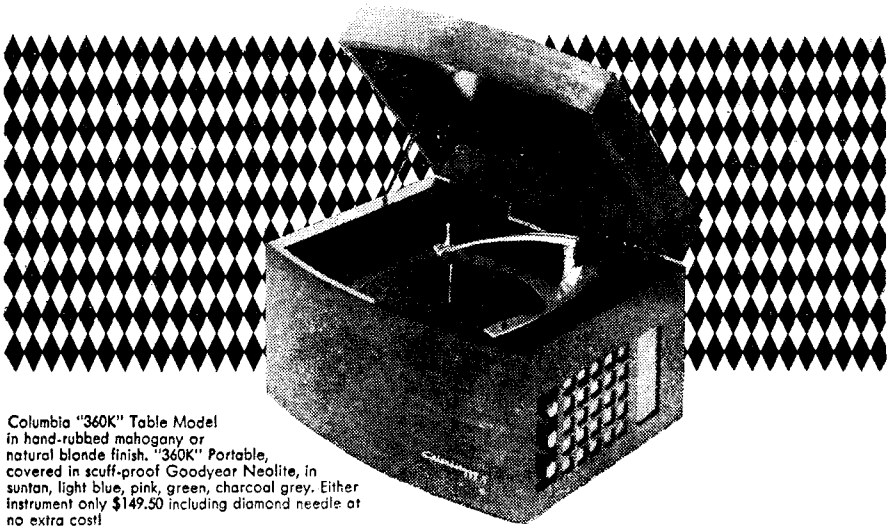

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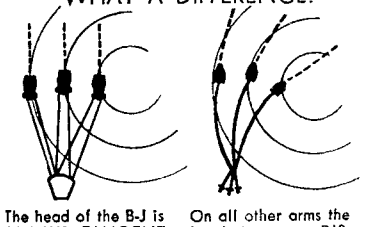

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

# Silent Composers

WHEN a strange musical idio strikes listeners as nothing b a confused mass of sound th may tend to blame the composer f his inability to express himself mo clearly. They fancy him malicious putting in dissonance to cover h shortcomings, muddying the wate to make them seem deep. That l may think naturally in this langua is considered unlikely, and it seen even more doubtful, despite all th lessons of the past, that patter making little sense now may one da fit into place as plainly as those fami iar to us in traditional music.

Even the abstract painter who shov himself also capable of drawing good portrait does not always rea sure his spectators that his less ir telligible works may have the sam logic. And such a composer as Wa lingford Riegger who, early in h career (in teaching pieces he has dis avowed), demonstrated his academ skill has not succeeded in getting lis teners to go along with him into th stratospheric regions he subsequenti entered. When Riegger turns sevent in April it will be an occasion fo musicians to pay him tribute for th persistence with which he has cult vated a relatively advanced style, ur discouraged by the fact that h chances for gaining a wide audienc were thereby much diminished. A Elliott Carter has put it, Riegger ha been "quietly writing music" ove the years, reassured by the confidenc that it "was of a quality that woul eventually be noticed."

The earliest substantial notice tha he received from the major force of musical officialdom came, I believ in the form of an award from th New York Music Critics Circle i 1948 for his Third Symphony, no recorded under the Naumburg aus pices by the Eastman-Rochester Sym phony, conducted by Hanson (Colum bia 4902). In terms of the most ad vanced twelve-tone music, it is nc a work so very much ahead of ou time. What militates against easy, re laxed listening is, to no small exten its solemnity. For insofar as it em ploys twelve-tone devices it render them more accessible, since some c Riegger's early academicism has sur vived. Each of the four movements for example, has fugal treatment, bu in none of it do we find those com plex permutations that disguise th most ordinary passages of contrapun tal imitation in so much twelve-ton music today. Even when Riegger i not writing fugues, there is symmetr

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set materials in relief. At the same me, however, it prevents them from aring freely. I like the scherzo best, nce the whimsicality here is pro-cted by means of a fragmentation at gets the music off the ground. Peter Mennin, whose Third Sym-ony (another Naumburg recording ize winner) is on the reverse side this LP seems much older than iegger if we judge from the con-rvative schooling his writing re-ects. His forthright, spontaneous, gorous manner (his first movement marked *"Allegro Robusto"*) does, owever, betray his youth. From the ude facts it becomes obvious how uch easier Mennin's battle for rec-gnition is than the one Riegger ught. At thirty-one he already has is third symphony (written at twen-y-three) on LP, while Riegger had wait until almost seventy for a mparable break. But it should be id at once that however unadven-rous Mennin may be, his talents re considerable. We may only hope at now that he has passed thirty e may exploit his musical drive and xceptional technique for the dis-overy of new and more interesting ualities. Mennin seems to have ex-austed his ideas for his Third Sym-hony pretty much in his first move-ent. The main impulse, the fluency esults from goading on a simple hythmic figure (recognizable from s up-beat of three repeated notes). Where this approach is inadmissible, amely, in a slow movement, the in-erest lags, and when it returns in ne finale we feel we have already ad enough of it.

It is a motoriness not unrelated to Hindemith's, and this affinity is clearly ointed up in Halsey Stevens's "Tris-elion," the most interesting of the orks on the first of the Louisville Orchestra's subscription recordings onducted by Robert Whitney (Lou 45-1), which will at last make avail-ble to a larger audience the fruits f the fabulous Rockefeller Founda-ion project for commissioning new orks. The slow movement, where ne is least conscious of the influences hat have shaped Stevens, is much he best integrated. The reverse side f this LP contains Paul Creston's Invocation and Dance," Op. 58, which recommend to anyone who can stand nother "Bolero" at this date, and Dawn in a Tropical Forest" by Villa-obos, which starts promisingly with ubdued sandpaper effects and gets o this composer's typical bird-calls in he jungle without doing much in etween. By allowing himself to be epresented by such trivial stuff, this nternationally famous South Amer-can makes our own composers seem uite reputable by comparison.

—ARTHUR BERGER.


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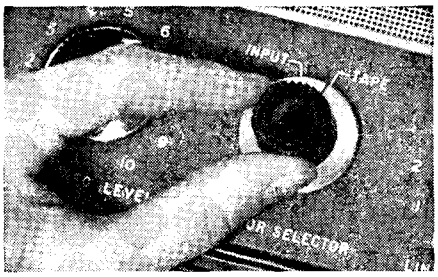

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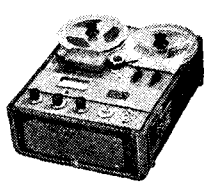

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# Money Can't Buy

*Continued from page 39*

him a kind of built-in sureness about the tastes of most popular record buyers. He points out as an example of the taste-directing possibilities of the new a. and r. man—the old a. and r. man tended to follow the public—the resurgence a few years ago of the folk-type song, such as "Goodnight, Irene."

Until this song became a hit, he explains, there had been a dearth of such material on record, and his public, which is made up mainly of teenagers, was psychologically ready for it. "Shaping up a trend like that is fine," Gabler says. "But you can't beat it to death any more than you can eat the same food every day. With the terrific exposure songs get now through records, radio, TV, and the movies a ballad will last maybe six months, a novelty song maybe two or three, and a type of music sometimes a year or more. You have to know when to change trains. Then you have to think up something else."

When a record is made, and Gabler has made the strategic decision of when it is to be released, the possibilities for its success or failure pass into the hands of the publicity department and the nation's disc jockeys. During the past ten years disc jockeys have grown as powerful in their bailiwicks as New York's drama critics have in theirs. This dictatorship is so firm, in fact, that it is well known in the industry that a check here, or a gift there to certain disc jockeys will insure playing time for certain records. Bribery has not yet become the rule, however, and most record companies avoid it by having their promotional men, who must be as adroit, persuasive, and patient as old-style family retainers, butter up jockeys by wining and dining them, by learning exactly what their musical tastes are, and by deluging them with a stream of suggestive telegrams and telephone calls.

If Gabler is as placid and easygoing as a seal most of the time, he becomes as nervous and dedicated as a small boy in a jam jar when he steps into a recording studio. In a business that has become speed-crazy since the war because of high production costs and an overcrowded market, where the Gabler version of a song is sometimes a hit if it is gotten to the disc jockeys and record dealers the day before the version of a rival company, the pressures at a recording date can be titanic. Gabler, nevertheless, must keep his thumb in the dike by getting temperamental artists to work together as smoothly as a group of scrub women, by somehow dissipating th unsympathetic atmosphere of the re cording studio, and by extracting fro each his best, regardless of mood c whim. It he fails, Gabler knows ther is every chance that his song, n matter how good it is, can be "lost as he puts it, and that the red figure on the company's ledgers will spell hi name.

One afternoon a few months ag Gabler held a typical recording sessio at Decca's Studio A, a spacious two story loft on the tenth floor of th company's building on West 57t Street. The date was to feature Pegg Lee and the Mills Brothers, who ha never worked together before. Th Mills Brothers (three brothers an their father) have been with Decc since its founding, have had thre records that have each sold well ove a million copies, and, as a result o this and the steady sales of mos of their other records, are regarde by Gabler and his associates witl a feeling that is close to veneration Peggy Lee, who has been under con tract to the firm for only four years has one record close to the millio mark already, and because she is als a talented songwriter and an excellen singer is looked upon with almos equal fervor.

GABLER arrived at the studio shortly before three o'clock in his shirtsleeves, with his tie undone, and a dead cigar clamped between his teeth After a brief run through of the firs tune, a Lee opus titled "It Must Be So," and consultation with Sy Oliver who is now a staff arranger at Decca and who was a Jimmy Lunceford standby before he became Tommy Dorsey's arranger in the Forties, Gabler retired to the engineer's booth, where, excep for sporadic forays into the studio, he remained until the date was over a six o'clock. Oliver, who had written "head" arrangements for the date that morning, stayed in the studio, and directed the musical side of things which included a five piece band—piano, guitar, bass, drums, and harp

During each of the takes Gabler seated behind the glass window of the engineer's booth, kept constant time to the music by shooting his head back and forth in sharp, concentrated jerks, like an agitated crane. He also kept up a continual barrage of directorial motions—pointing with a forefinger, caressing his baldpate, standing up, and holding the back of his head.

Between takes of the second tune, "Straight Ahead," another Peggy Lee composition, Gabler, who had said little since the beginning of the date, switched on a microphone connected to a loudspeaker in the studio proper, and boomed at the drummer: "You

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: too much kick on the bass drum. ıtch it."

Peggy Lee, who was standing in a ning red coat near the engineer's oth, whirled about, cocked a finger the drummer, who was stretching legs near a piano on the other side the studio, and yelled: "Bang!" The ımmer dropped his head on the no, as if he had been shot, and erybody laughed.

The largest of the Mills Brothers, rry, who sings most of the solos for group, patted his stomach, which enormous, and, because he had just en told by Oliver that he had done veral things wrong on the last take, d: "I have *never* had so many ngs to think about at once."

Oliver yelled at Gabler through the ıss and asked him if he thought the npo shouldn't be slowed down a le on the next take.

"No—well, give it a try, anyway, ," Gabler answered through the ıdspeaker.

Shortly after this, Gabler emerged ım the booth to speak to Peggy e about a phrase in her song, put e wrong end of a filter tip cigarette his mouth, lit it, shrugged sheepıly, said that he was always doing ıt, and went back into the booth ain.

During the final take of the second ne Gabler's head had come to a full ıp, and he looked tired. Ten minutes er, the date finished, one of the lls Brothers poked his head into e engineer's booth and said: "Milt, u got to save that break of Peggy e's on that take she made a little ıile ago. That was the greatest." ıbler looked up wearily, smiled, and id, "Yeh. All right."

The next morning, when Gabler, sh as paint, was back at his desk oveling his way into a new batch songs, Peggy Lee's manager called say that his client thought the cording date had been the best one e had ever worked on. She had also id, the manager told Gabler, that e would like him to fly out to the ast and direct all of her recording ssions. Gabler himself was feeling eased with the way things had gone e afternoon before. "Plenty of times is business is a pure mystery to me," said. "For instance, Georgie Shaw ade a record called 'Let Me Go, evil' for us a year ago. It didn't go. ıen they played the song with the le of 'Let Me Go, Lover' several nes on 'Studio One' as part of the ow. The next day every record comıny in town was in the recording udio. Now it's a smash. Yesterday we ot a great record. It'll be a hit. It esn't happen every day, but when it es, man, you can't buy the feeling ith money."


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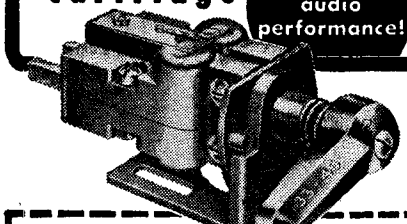

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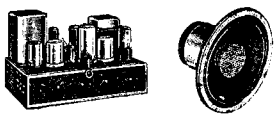

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# Tebaldi Up to Date

*Continued from page 42*

out hesitation. "Why not? My life is not settled in a definite groove. Who knows . . ." Tebaldi said wistfully and as we talked further about her nomadic existence she added, "I might stop singing. I have sung everywhere in Italy, and I have sung in Paris, London, Rio de Janeiro, Edinburgh, Buenos Aires, Portugal, Spain, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and now—New York. I would like to sing in Vienna, but then what? What should I do afterwards?" If I am not mistaken Renata Tebaldi would like to get married, have a home and *bambini*. But, combine this with a career? She shook her head.

Tebaldi is far from being disinterested in her career. She reads every review and is very sensitive to criticism. It is true that she was keyed-up for her debut at the Metropolitan. I saw her two days before and she told me: "It is the worst thing . . . this waiting. I am always nervous the first time. I wish it were over." After the performance she was delighted with the warmth of the audience and especially with a handwritten letter from Toscanini wishing her a triumphant success. But she was shocked that some critics left the house before the last act of "Otello," because they had to meet a deadline. This is incomprehensible to her.

The efficiency and the discipline at the Met please her and the orchestra, she said, is *bellissima*. It is too early for her to judge the Metropolitan productions, as it is to say anything about American music. She knows only Menotti's. "As a rule I don't care for modern music." But she likes Menotti's theatrical gifts. Jaz "Hmmm . . . but Negro spirituals! a Marian Anderson is magnificent!"

Tebaldi has not made peace wi the moving pictures. "I am too tal she had explained to me in Mil when in 1946 she was "lending h voice" to a film "Colonna Sonor ("Lohengrin") then being made Venice. Tebaldi is five-foot-ten (sh for the stage) and there are n many tenors who would look w playing opposite her. Her voice w also dubbed into a film version "Aida." After she saw the film wi her mother they did not speak each other for a whole hour. She h no illusions about a moving-pictu caree. To the "I am too tall," she nc candidly adds, *"troppo robusta."* A she has no intentions of dieting. might lose my voice and it is n worth it." When she sits down lunch or dinner . . . well, it is an Ita ian affair lasting at least an hour.

AFTER her performances in Ne York Tebaldi will go back to Ita where she sings in Rome and Flo ence. And when does she take h vacation? She takes her rest on t long journeys. She does not like fly. It makes her uneasy. The mon of August is usually reserved f studying new roles. Eventually s would like to have a repertory f concerts that would include mo than operatic arias. This, however, only a plan for the future. It ma have something to do with the fa that she does not speak any langua except her own. She knows Fren *pocissimo*, and how *pocissimo* s knows English I could judge fro the "Just a moment" which she sa when she is asked a question and turr to her interpreter. Right now it serv her as a wonderful shield. In Mila she is well-known. In New York whe she walks on the street no one know her, and that is fine too, she says.

The fuss that has been made ov her relationship with Maria Men ghini Callas displeases her. The ri valry, she said, was nothing but product of gossip by admirers of th two stars. "There is plenty of work fc both of us. We have different voice I am a lyric soprano (*Spinto*), not coloratura." She thought it was rathe provincial of the reporters to creat this particular "interest."

I knew I was playing safe when offered to write down anything sh would like me to say about her pri vate life. Tebaldi looked at me, smile and said, *"Niente."*

Renata Tebaldi—"soprano sensation."

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# Music to My Ears

*Continued from page 24*

ting part, and acting it expertly. anche Thebom was suitably fluttery the mother, and though Roberta ters was a bit genteel for the soubrette Fiakermilli of the ball scene, e disposed of the vocal difficulties ith gloss and ease. Distressing, I ould say, is the right word for Brian llivan's explosive Matteo, in which is sacrificed to volume, and consonants were hardly recognizable from wels.

The bank of ideas which had served rauss so well in "Rosenkavalier" as obviously not so responsive when Arabella" was in progress, but the iserly utilization of the musical coin had available makes an ear-filling ore nevertheless. Arabella, with its end of Sophie's high-register and e Marschallin's womanly warmth, a challenge to any soprano, which iss Steber—with her orientation to th—managed impressively well, id Mandryka is an evening's work r any baritone. Over and above all the quality that music-lovers arn for and so seldom hear in conmporary creation—heart, warmth, e fundamental capacity to make the ine tingle or the flesh creep. Maybe, some contend, Strauss did it all fore; but let us be grateful that he d it so well again, at nearly seventy, at the "mixture as before" has its ades of differences nevertheless.

Little of this would have been near- so apparent without the command- g intelligence, the overall musical scipline provided by conductor empe, whose orientation to "Arabella" is firmly established in and out Germany. He led his mostly novice cast with abundant knowledge and a strong sense of the values involved. No one who values the musical theatre working in tight unity on behalf of a worthy objective will willingly miss this "Arabella."

A WEEK of vocal virtuosity was marked also by Renata Tebaldi's first Mimi in "La Boheme" at the Metropolitan, Victoria de los Angeles's shining sound on behalf of Turina's "Cantos a Sevilla" at a concert of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall under William Steinberg's direction, and a generally superior "Don Giovanni," again at the Met, in which Cesare Siepi's development in the character was worthy of comment. Miss Tebaldi's Mimi has great qualities of warmth and believability, enhanced by a superb command of the vocal detail. If she has a mite of difficulty in restraining her tone production in Act I, it comes to eloquent service in Act III. Giuseppe Campora, Ettore Bastianini, Norman Scott, and Jean Fenn were others of quality in this cast. The De los Angeles vocalization in Turina was magically clear and deft, if hardly impassioned. Steinberg's orchestra performed handsomely throughout, in a muscular treatment of Beethoven's Symphony No. 8 as well as in a vibrant one of the Elgar "Enigma" variations. In the Mozart matinee, Siepi's more maturely conceived Don has come into better balance with the broad sound he commands, in a characterization not yet beyond his capacity to improve. Lucine Amara's sharply etched Elvira and the pertly insinuating Zerlina of Miss Peters were other elements of virtue.

Wilhelm Backhaus gave another triumphant demonstration of musicianship and pianistic prowess in playing an all-Beethoven program at his reappearance in Carnegie Hall. In addition to a trio of favorite sonatas (opus 10, No. 2, opus 78, and the "Appasionata"), Backhaus undertook the "Diabelli" variations, a formidable assignment for any performer. To say that Backhaus analyzed, evaluated, and reorganized Beethoven's taxing lay-out with a maximum of insight is merely to say that he was functioning at maximum efficiency. Nevertheless, he didn't quite persuade me that Beethoven really intended this music for public performance, but rather as a study for the working-out of ideas better expounded in other works.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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As far as the cartridge assembly is concerned, the arm is now manufactured for the American market with a plastic shell that is adaptable for virtually all the standard cartridges: G.E., Pickering, Fairchild, etc. If the turnover type is preferred, a thin portion can be easily broken out. In the near future, the manufacturer promises, a plug-in British cartridge will be available for those who prefer it. The plug-in feature is very desirable for those who want to vary cartridges for purposes of comparison.

The arm is presently priced at $22.50, and can be readily adapted to a cartridge the purchaser already has. Of course, if he is starting from scratch he will have to add the cost of whatever cartridge he prefers. It is thus well within the price range of other arms of comparable excellence, with advantages not presently possessed by them. —I. K.

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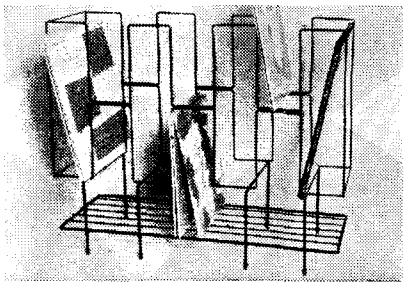

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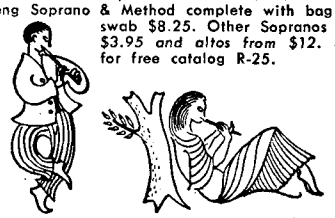

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## LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

### W. G. AND THE K.331

In his objective remarks on the piano works of Mozart [*SR* Jan. 29] Mr. Chasins has much of value to say. However, when he delimits the genius of Gieseking to the interpreting of Impressionists I must take violent exception. Never before have I been so moved by the power and insight of a rendition of music as I was a year ago when I had the privilege of hearing Walter Gieseking interpret the K.331 in Los Angeles. In his performance the interpreter lifted the work from the obvious and commonplace and placed it in the realm of emphatic experience . . .

John S. Rhodes.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor's Note: *The subject of the review was a record, not a concert.*

### COMPETITIVE CRITICISM?

Mr. Chasins's article on Gieseking's playing of Mozart introduces a decidedly robust note into record-reviewing. Here we have the spectacle of one pianist with Mozart recordings of his own in the current catalogues finding serious fault with the recordings made by another pianist of the same works. The fact that Gieseking is world-renowned, and that Mr. Chasins isn't, is neither here nor there; the discs can speak for themselves.

F. L. F.

San Diego, Calif.

Editor's Note: *So can the criticism.*

### AVAST, AVAKIAN!

Whitney Balliett's derogatory references [*SR* Jan. 15] to my annotations of the Columbia Louis Armstrong-W.C. Handy album are unjustified and unfair. I believe that his article completely misleads *SR* readers as to the quality and contents of these notes. Anyone wishing to judge them for himself can obtain a free copy by writing me at 799 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Balliett lifts just the first and last sentences of a long annotation. No one reading his article could know that this annotation is actually a detailed biography and critical estimate of Mr. Handy, with historical and musical background information on every one of the eleven compositions in this collection. With this album and its notes and nothing else, any intelligent cribber can give an authoritative lecture on Mr. Handy's music which will be as complete, accurate, entertaining, and informative as anyone could wish. Can any more be asked of album notes?

After talking to *SR*'s Recordings Editor I now understand that the real rap against me is the belief that I stepped out of line in saying I hoped people would remember me after I died as a necessary third, along with Louis and Mr. Handy, in the

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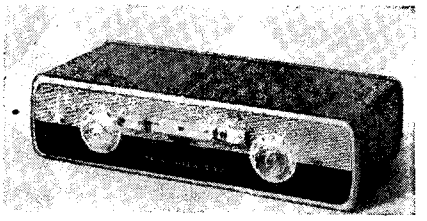

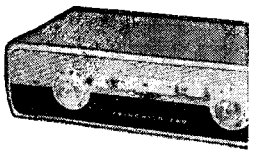

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creation of this album. In context this is a summation of the value and quality of the album in the strongest terms I could muster. The trade knows me as a non-bushbeater whose professional opinions are also his personal opinions. I am no press agent and am not paid to write album notes. The very force in my opinion of this album (which reviewers have since established as Louis's best work on records since the old Okeh days) lies in my willingness to be judged by it when all my work, past and future, is done. It was, incidentally, Louis himself who gave me the words with which I expressed this evaluation. I stand by any interpretation placed on it, and the record on which it is based.

If Balliett had simply come out and said that one doesn't say anything like this about his own work I would respect his right to this opinion much more than he respects my right to express such a hope. We also might have been spared the tactics by which he attempted to discredit the whole annotation by taking two sentences out of context and working them over.

Even within his self-serving limitations, examination of the quotations, especially when compared to the other examples cited, shows the flimsy ground on which he stands. Balliett quotes the first sentence as "purple, or Thespic." It uses none of the devices of purple writing; it is straight reportage, with uncolored facts, factual adjectives, and no imagery whatever. The only purple word here is Mr. B's own "Thespic." His implied sugg tion that, in the last quoted sentence should displace Mr. Handy from the fir or climactic position of honor in t sequence of pronoun and names is a shaky; correct English usage and comm courtesy dictate otherwise.

Balliett phoned me, as he has done the past and is welcome to do in the f ture, to pick my brains before writi this "article." I wish he had asked enou questions to have avoided placing me th "newest school" of annotators. This hardly compatible with the fact tha produced and wrote notes for fifteen the first eighteen jazz albums released the United States. The notes, then as nc contain all the background informati there's room for.

As for the "autobiographical" bit, the is nothing about my personal life in t notes; Balliett's case lies ahead in his ne example. But it has since been ma clear to me the real purpose is to que tion my personal value to a jazz arti Nothing I can say can have the weig of what Dave Brubeck would tell anyo who asks Dave, the most sought-aft artist of 1954, why he chose to sign wi Columbia, the company which offer him the smallest guarantee and the lo est (by almost 100 per cent) advan in the heaviest bidding for a jazz art the record business has ever known.

GEORGE AVAKIAN

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Oh.*

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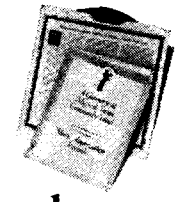

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